

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

Poems; Dramatic and Miscellaneous.
By HENRY NEELE. 12mo. pp. 169.
London, 1823.

MR. NEELE'S poems were not published until Thursday afternoon, a period which may be considered as the eleventh hour of an hebdomadal critic. We should, however, be guilty of an act of great injustice to our readers, as well as to the amiable author, if we suffered his work to remain, even for a single week, unnoticed, though we should even run the hazard of passing over, or touching only slightly some of the many beauties it possesses.

Among the poets, who have within the last dozen years come before the public, Mr. Neele stands, if not first, at least, in the first rank. His Odes, which were published four or five years ago, though written when very young, and some even in boyhood, were universally allowed to be superior to any poems of that class, published for many years; and his Miscellaneous Poems breathed all the fire and imagination of highly gifted genius.

But, although Mr. Neele's first publication placed him in an eminent niche in the temple of Parnassus, it neither blinded his ambition nor tempted his avarice. He did not, like too many of his contemporaries, take advantage of public opinion in his favour, to lay that public under new and frequent contributions to his pen. He rested on his oars, as if determined not again to appear before the public, until he had done something, not merely worthy of the reputation he had attained, but presenting new claims to additional honours. That such honours await him, on the publication of his present volume, we feel no hesitation in asserting.

In a neat preface, Mr. Neele contends for the dramatist possessing the same privilege as other writers in proportioning his effort to his subject, without being compelled by elisions or expansions more barbarous than those of Procrustes, to counteract or extend his

subject to five acts. He refers to Shakespeare and Marston and others of our elder dramatists, who, feeling this difficulty, obviated it by continuing the same story through two or more plays; thus, in fact, constructing one drama of ten or fifteen acts instead of five. 'Still more numerous,' he observes, 'are the dramatic subjects which might be advantageously displayed, if compressed within a few scenes, but which would become vapid and uninteresting, if swelled to as many acts.'

Mr. Neele's dramatic pieces consist of one act each; they are not, he states, intended for representation, and are consequently freed from those considerations of scenic illusion and stage effect, which, to a writer for the theatre, are all important. In saying this, however, he does not shrink from the avowal, that his object has been, not to write dialogues but dramas; and that he has endeavoured to conform himself to the laws of dramatic propriety.

Mr. Neele's three dramas are entitled, 'The Secret Bridal,' 'David Rizzio,' and 'Antiochus.' The second, we confess, is our favourite, although all of them display very superior poetic talent. The first scene of the 'Secret Bridal,' opens with a most exquisite description of a moon-light evening, which we cannot omit:—

'Here at this casement let us sit, and wile
The hours away till Julio comes. How sweetly
Through the green vale the tranquil stream is
gliding,

While the pale stars are studding it with gems
Immaculate, and silence reigns unbroken,
Save by the soft-toned rippling of the waves.
And that low night-wind, which, scarce audible,
Rises and softly dies away, as 'twere
The gentle breathings of a slumbering world,
Rock'd by its God to rest! Yon towering sum-
mit

Seems silver capt, while, down its glittering
steep

The moonbeams fall in one unbroken line,
Until they reach the glassy stream that flows
Beneath, and seem to join another orb
As fair as that they dropt from. Sure some
spirit,

Some glorious wanderer, is walking there,
His form invisible, though his shining footsteps
Betray the heavenly visit.'

The work reached us too late to stop to criticize where we only admire; we

shall, therefore, confine ourselves this week to making a few extracts, and still fewer remarks, *en passant*. In the drama of 'David Rizzio,' Mr. Neele confesses, that he has founded it upon the uncharitable details and conjectures of Buchanan, and expresses a hope, that with whatever scepticism they may be regarded by the historian, they may be considered as legitimate materials for poetry. We can scarcely consent to this, when we recollect, that Shakespeare's now generally believed fiction of Richard III's deformity, isolated as it stands, has been perpetuated, although unsupported in history; and, indeed, we do not mean to flatter Mr. Neele, when we say, if we wished to give immortality to any fact or fiction, we would more confidently hope to do it in verse, elegant as his own, than by writing it on the page of history. But to David Rizzio:—

The drama opens with a terrace in the garden of the palace, where Rizzio is discovered playing on his harp, and singing, while the queen, behind, is listening; and no wonder, when the Italian was pouring forth such a strain as this:—

'Thou warbling lyre! to thee alone,
My trembling spirit dares to own
Its deep, soul-seated illness;
For the cold world would scorn my grief,
And friends would vainly seek relief,
And foes would chide my wild hopes down
And she, for whom it bleeds, would frown
My heart to marble stillness.

'Sang I of hopes? Alas! for me
This world is but a troubled sea
Of hopelessness and sorrow;
Where my rent heart is wreck'd and lost,
Where I, on waves of passion tost,
Shall know not, in my spirit's blight,
Or cheerful day, or peaceful night,
Save that which knows no morrow.

'Would I could mount my griefs above,
And check these tears; this idle love
In my lock'd bosom keeping;
But fires imprison'd fiercest burn,
And their shut cell to fuel turn;
The joyless, hopeless, will complain;
And he who knows his tears are vain
Has greatest cause for weeping.'

The queen speaks to Rizzio who is in tears, but affects an air of cheerfulness, and even says he is merry. The disguise is, however, too palpable to escape the prying eyes of Mary, who says,

'Nay, nay, Rizzio,
Then weep again—do any thing but wear
That blank attempt at mirth upon thy lip.
That smile was like the ghost of happiness,
Haunting the place 'twas murder'd in.'

The queen enquires the cause of
Rizzio's melancholy; and asks if his
mind hoards up some unutter'd crime
or secret care; or if his heart is wan-
dering after some object. Rizzio thus en-
couraged, and asked to describe those
wondrous charms which has wrapt his
soul, thus paints them:—

Riz. Ah! gracious madam, could you read
my heart,

There you might see her image, limned indeed
In colours like the life—but my weak wit
Fails in the utterance. How can it portray
Her brow?—another *Ida*, on whose top
Beauty, and majesty, and wisdom sit,
Contending for the prize; her radiant locks,
That o'er her forehead's white float gracefully,
Like waves of gold chafing an ivory shore;
Her lovely lids, fair as those fleecy clouds
Whose dazzling whiteness gems the summer sky,
And like them, only elided at, because
'Tis heaven's own blue they hide; her eyes,
whose lustre

A tender melancholy seems to shade;
Save when deep thought or deeper feeling fills
Those spirit-searching orbs—and then they flash
The mind's magnificent lightnings, and her face
Grows spiritually fine, as though her soul,
(Like a bright flame enshrined in alabaster)
Shone through her delicate and transparent skin,
Revealing all its glory. Then her mind—
Oh! 'tis a sacred hive of hoarded sweets,
Whence her thoughts wander but to cull fresh
honey,
And make their dwelling richer: and her heart
Kind and compassionate to all, save one,
Is like sun, that on the meanest flower
Beams life and warmth, but kills the aspiring
flame

That mounts towards it adoringly.

Queen. Peace, peace!
Thou ray'st too wildly. Is it thus thou pleadest
Thy cause to her thou lov'st? I tell thee, Rizzio,
The frigid and unfeeling thrive the best;
And a warm heart, in this cold world, is like
A beacon-light, wasting its feeble flame
Upon the wintry deep, which feels it not,
And trembling with each pitiless gust that blows
'Till its faint fire is spent.

Riz. If my tongue dared
To utter my heart's madness, I would tell thee
How 'tis I plead my cause.

The second scene opens with an in-
terview between Darnley and Ruthven,
in which the latter has been accusing
the queen of infidelity. Ruthven re-
tires and the queen enters, when Darn-
ley relates a dream he had had; for the
idea of which, Mr. Neele confesses him-
self indebted to the 100th *Tatler*: he
has however, made it his own, by cloth-
ing it in such elegant poetic language
as the following:—

'Methought I stood upon a spacious plain,
And gazed into the midnight heavens, upon
That band of bright immortals who watch o'er
The slumbers of our world. Methought they
shone

With a peculiar splendour, and each one,
Upon their golden axles as they turn'd,

Made glorious music. Still I gazed and gazed,
Awe-struck. Heaven's ample page was glit-
tering

With countless worlds, and yet 'twas but one
leaf

Of the vast volume of infinity,
Which He, who fill'd it with those lines of light,
Yields to our bounded vision. Suddenly,
That sign, which men have named the Balance,
shed

Unusual light, and from its sphere a spark
Parted, which, as it rapidly approach'd
Our globe, grew larger and more bright, until
It seem'd a radiant orb, on which enthroned
A glorious Being sat. Her face was sunlike,
But spotless as the midnight moon—a veil
Of heavenly texture, such as forms the wings
Of the light gossamer on a summer's eve,
Or the soft halo around *Dian's* brows,
Temper'd its dazzling brightness. One hand
pointed

Stedfastly at the stars; the other held
A mirror of such wondrous brilliancy,
That heaven and earth seem'd kindling in its
blaze,

And all the dread dark places of our globe,
Th' abodes of infamy and wickedness,
Let in its searching ray.

Queen. 'Twas strange, and typified
Some awful power.

Dar. This mirror, that I tell thee of,
Was strangely gifted. On its wondrous disk,
I saw the pomps and vanities of this world,
Stripped of their glittering semblance. I saw
Falsehood,

Shivering in hideous nakedness to the gaze
Of scornful myriads: I saw mounting Pride,
Blind groveling in the dust: I saw sworn
Friends,

Who, like our shadows, walk beside us, vanish
Like those same shadows, when the sun of for-
tune

Shone on our path no more: I saw th' Op-
pressor
Change places with th' Oppress'd—then tear
his hair

And rave, and then with mad impiety
Rail at his Maker; as the ravening wolf,
Foiled of the prey on which he meant to gorge,
Howls at the lights of heaven: I saw the Har-
lot,

She who profaned the nuptial bed, and, like
The fair false serpent in man's paradise,
Changed Eden to a howling wilderness:
I saw her, though before as bright as heaven,
Loathsome as leprosy: her gorgeous robes
Dropt from her, while her throne of pomp and
pride

Served but to form a loftier pedestal,
On which she stood, for scorn's unsparing finger
To point her out more truly. But you trem-
ble—

Your face is colourless—your eyes roll wildly—
'Twas but a dream—a silly dream.

Queen. No, no;
Oh! 'twas the mirror of eternal truth,
In which—yet whither am I wandering?
Pardon me, my dear lord, but your strange
dream,

This dull hot atmosphere, and my wild fancy,
Transported me, I know not whither—Now
My brain is cool again.

Dar. Then hear the sequel.—
The form approaching me—me, Mary—(nay,
Wherefore that shudder?) held the mirror full
Before my face, and in it as I gazed
I read my own heart's painful history.

There the sweet hopes, which I had fondly che-
rish'd,

Lay torn and bleeding all; there my affections,
Like the vine's tendrils, when the branch, round
which

They twine, proves faithless and gives way,
were crush'd

And trampled into ruin; there pale sorrow
And agony and horror number'd o'er
The remnant of my years, while clouds and
darkness

Blacken'd around their close. I look'd again,
And saw three shadowy forms, which gradually
Grew more distinctly visible. One was fair
As thou—nay, more—now that that ashy hue
Rifles the roses on thy cheek. She plighted
Unchanging love to me who gazed on her,
As though her bright eyes were the fires which
kindled

All his heart's incense—but she played the
wanton,

And on a worthless minion lavishing
The treasures of her love, broke the fond heart
That only beat for her. As I gazed nearer,
Strange horror seized me: for the face of each
Was pictured with such damning verity,
I dared not harbour doubt. I will not breathe
The minion's name—the dirt on which we tread
As well deserves a record—but I traced
My own too-well remember'd traits in him
Who was thus foully injured—while the fea-
tures

Of that pernicious trait'rous fair one—Mary
Were thine!—were thine!—Now read my dream
to me.

Queen. Just Heaven! forgive my sins.

[Falls at his feet.]

Dar. Ha! thou false queen!
Is't thus—is't thus—I pray thee ope thy lips—
Say that it is not so, and I'll believe thee,
Though proofs came thronging thick and fast as
motes

In the sun's noontide beams. By heaven! she's
silent.

Then thus—thus will I seal the secret up,
That other ears may not receive a tale
Too foul to breathe in mine.

[Going towards her—stops.]

Alas! that face
That eye—that form—it is the same which
here,

Deep seated in my heart, holds back my arm,
And mars its righteous vengeance.

[Rushes out.]

The catastrophe is well told, and
there are many beautiful passages in the
drama; indeed the whole volume is
thickly sprinkled with them. We must
conclude our present notice with the
following specimens:—

Time. 'Oh, methought
Time had exchanged his pinions for a crutch,
And let his glass stand still. Insatiate tyrant!
Where he should fly he halts, and when his
speed

Brings sorrow with it, hurries on, or only
Pauses to whet his scythe.'

Ambition. 'Wherefore, mother,
Lure my unwilling steps to Fame's proud tem-
ple?

Ambition's prize, when gain'd, is but a shadow.
The sorrows and the sufferings of the world,
Its pleasures and its business and its cares,
One wild chaotic tempest raise, in which
Man's but a leaf, a fragile leaf, the sport
Of every blast, and Fame a feeble voice,
Heard only midst the pauses of the storm,
And silenced soon for ever!'

Traditions and Recollections, Domestic, Clerical, and Literary. By the REV. R. POLWHELE, Vicar of Newlyn and of St. Anthony. 12mo. London, 1823.

SUCH is the title of a Postscript to a very heterogeneous duodecimo of two hundred and forty-nine pages, which contains 'an Essay on Marriage, Adultery, and Divorce' (now first printed). 'An Essay on the state of the Soul between Death and the Resurrection,' the third edition; 'The Outline of a Sermon, and a Lecture on Taste;' and an 'Appendix,' containing various illustrations, particularly 'The Deserted Village School.' In passing over all those subjects, except the literary recollections of Mr. Polwhele, we consult our own taste, and our readers' edification; for, be it known to them, that this gentleman has certain odd notions respecting education and religion, not strictly consonant either with our own feelings, or the more liberal policy of the age. He is against those 'modern innovations' which 'attempt to smooth the rugged paths of literature,' because, forsooth, 'learning easily acquired is soon lost.' He prefers the 'horn-book,' 'sage Madam Trimmer,' and 'honest Dilworth,' to the Mavors, Murrays, and Bonnycastles of the present day, and makes a merit in having opposed 'Sunday schools,' 'the Lancaster' and 'the Bell school,' 'schools for all,' 'British and foreign schools,' 'schools on the royal British system.'—Then, again, he opposes 'Bible societies,' 'societies for the propagation of the Gospel,' 'societies for the conversion of the Jews,'—cum multis aliis!!

As to the societies, he says,

'I still think, that, in this country, they have done more harm than good to the cause of Christianity. Of a society for christianizing the Jews, it is notorious, that the bubble has burst.—One convert desired to be released, on the plea that "the meetings occurring so damned often, he was tired," &c. &c.!!—Another is said to have absconded to avoid prosecution for adultery! A third, if he can be caught, will be pilloried for perjury!'

Mr. Polwhele is certainly not far wrong, with respect to the Jews; and, the fact is, that, admitting their conversion sincere, the expense was so great, that no charity, however liberal, could support it. But to come to the Postscript: which is both interesting and valuable.—Mr. Polwhele is a literary veteran, who long lived on terms of intimacy with the most distinguished of his contemporaries; and any man, under such circumstances, could not, in the course of a long life, but collect nu-

merous facts and anecdotes worthy of being recorded. These, Mr. Polwhele treasured up in a large MS. volume, for the sole use of his 'very large family,' and he intimates, that, 'perhaps about fifty copies of the volume may hereafter be printed.' If, however, the MS. contains much such matter as Mr. P. has given us by way of specimen, we urge him forthwith to print not only fifty copies, but at least a thousand. Some of these traditions relate to the civil war, and contain anecdotes not generally known. We quote a few passages:—

Col. Borlase.—'In 1677, we find *Thomas Polwhele*, Vicar of Newlyn.

'It was in this year, that *Nicholas Borlase*, of Treludra, in Newlyn, was buried, on the 9th of November. This *Nicholas Borlase* had been a colonel of horse for the king—a title on which he so much valued himself, that he inserted it to his dying day, in all his deeds. "I have heard (says Tonkin) a pleasant story of him, from my father and the old Mr. Wood of Withiel. There was no good blood between him and the old Richard Lord Arundel; from their being perhaps too near neighbours, living in the same parish, and there being no great difference in their estates. Alluding to an exploit, therefore, on which he valued himself, his lordship would often hit him in the teeth with "how he routed a great detachment of the Parliament army with only one single troop of his regiment"—"Yes," added the Lord Arundel, "by running away." The fact was, the colonel being very much pressed, and making a running fight, had so much presence of mind, as to set a large brake of furze on fire in the night—which the Parliament forces, taking for the fires made on the approach of the king's army, immediately fled, and left him both bag and baggage, which he seized the next morning.

"The usurping powers would never admit Col. Borlase to a composition, but kept him out of the greatest part of his large fortune till the restoration: and he, with his whole family, would have been reduced to beggary, but for another stratagem very singular and curious. One Sunday, under a pretended mistake for another's, he placed himself in the protector's seat; and shuffling to get out, on Oliver's entering it:—"No, no," saith he, "cousin Borlase!—I am glad to see you here!" (for Borlase was a papist)—and kept him with him during the sermon; and, withal, smelling the joke, promised him assistance, on his preferring a petition for a maintenance. The protector was as good as his word."

The Royal Oak.—'Near the gate of Rockwood Grove, leading to Boconnoc-Parsonage, there remains the stump of an aged oak, in which, tradition says, the king's standard was fixed. The upper part of the tree was broken off by the wind, in March, 1783, about nine feet above the ground. Within the memory of the oldest inhabitants of this county, it had produced scarcely any other than variegated leaves—which ori-

ginally changed colour (as tradition farther says), from an attempt to assassinate the king, while receiving the sacrament under its branches. The ball is said to have passed through the tree: and a hole made by the woodpeckers, was shown in confirmation of the tale—which, probably, arose from the king having been actually shot at when in the Hall-walk; and a fisherman killed who was gazing at him.'

We have also two letters from Charles the Second, and one from Cromwell, but they do not possess much interest, and we prefer Mr. Polwhele's own recollections of Sam. Foote, who was a pupil in the school of Mr. Conon, at Truro:—

'There Foote was initiated in Terence's plays; and, in acting his part, excelled (as may be imagined) his school-fellows. And it was in consequence of his success within the little circle, that he caught the theatrical manner, and entered as an actor on the London stage—a circumstance which occasioned to Mr. Conon great uneasiness, and determined him to fling away the sock, or, rather, to discontinue the acting of the plays of Terence: for a good master, I believe, would consider the education of his boys without Terence, as miserably defective. With respect to 'the acting,' Mr. Conon's was rigid morality, and in many it would have appeared ridiculous. But it by no means appeared so, in a character whose chief feature was Christian simplicity. Mr. Conon, however, was always on good terms with Foote; who once (when I was present—then about nine years old) entered the school unceremoniously, and advancing on his wooden leg, dismissed the boys without the least previous address to the master. As it is the object of this scrap-book, to speak of others, rather than of myself, and whenever any person of distinction is presented to notice, to endeavour to amuse my readers with some anecdotes of his character or conversation, I shall not dismiss Sam. Foote from our school-room, so hastily as he dismissed us, but fix him there, by a stroke of the poetic wand, between the two Corinthian columns under the figure of Mercury, whilst I recollect a few of his odd originalities. That son to Samuel Foote, Esq. and Eleanor, his wife, he was baptized in the parish-church of St. Mary's, Truro, Jan. 27, 1720, by Joseph Jane, rector, appears from the Truro Register of Baptisms, which I some time since consulted. Foote was not born at the Red Lion (that first-rate inn of the west of England), as all his biographers have told us, for the Red Lion was the property of Harry Foote, another branch of the family, but he was born at a house commonly known by the name of Johnson Vivian's. I well remember his person, about the middle size, rather clumsily made, with a broad fleshy face, and a certain archness in his eye, which at once proclaimed him the genuine humourist. There are several prints of him, both in his dramatic and private character; the most perfect of which is the French print published immediately after one of his trips from Paris, and which

is prefixed to Cook's Memoirs. Though Foote seldom favoured his native town with a visit; yet there are still many in Truro, who have a perfect recollection of him, and one or two, I believe, who were laughing witnesses to his jokes. Those, however, are gone, who used in his presence to mix trembling with their mirth. Conscious of some oddnesses in their appearance or character, they shrank from his sly observation. They knew that every civility, every hospitable attention could not save them from his satire. And, after such experience, they naturally avoided his company, instead of courting it. This argued in Foote a disingenuousness; of which Dr. Wolcot (of whom I shall soon speak) was never guilty. Foote, indeed, had no restraint upon himself, with respect either to his conversation or his conduct. He was, in every sense of the word, a libertine. One of the earliest instances of his jocular, as practised upon his father, "the old justice," is yet in the minds of several aged people of this neighbourhood. Imitating the voice of Mr. Nicholas Donnithorne, from an inner apartment, where his father had supposed Mr. D. was sitting, he drew his father into conversation on the subject of a family-transaction between the two old gentlemen, and thus possessed himself of a secret; which, while it displayed his mimicry, justly incurred his parent's displeasure. He was certainly a very unamiable character. Polly Hicks, a pretty, silly, simpering girl (as a veteran memorialist of Truro described her to me), was dazzled by his wit. She had some property: he therefore made her his wife, but never treated her as such. Of his jokes, the following is in print:—I repeat it for the sake of its parallel. Dibble Davis, one of Foote's butts in ordinary, dining "with him one day at Northend, observed, that, well as he loved porter, he could never drink it without a head;"—"That must be a mistake, Dibble!" returned his host, "as you have done so to my knowledge above these twenty years." Similar to this, was a witticism which I once heard, at the Truro-catch-club, from the mouth of Bennet, the late organist of Truro, who was acquainted with Foote, but was too original a humourist to be guilty of a plagiarism or a *parrotism*. A gentleman in company was complaining of "a tumour on his neck which had been long gathering." "Yes!" says Bennet, "many years!! But it will never, I fear, come to a head!!" Not so good as this, is a pun of Foote, which a gentleman, who sat next him in Truro Church, repeated to me. The first lesson related to Noah. "Are these the words of *No-ah*?" said Foote, "*Ah-no*!" But during the service, several better things dropped from this profane jester, which I have forgotten. Of the characters in Foote's plays, I was acquainted with several of the prototypes, particularly in "the Mayor of Garratt*:" But I

* "The Mayor of Garratt" was intended to ridicule some particular characters in the militia, not then so respectable as the militia of the present hour. In Major Sturgeon, we have a simple fishmonger, apeing all the gallantries

will not give offence to their children, by the disclosure of their names. I possess a tract which was once Foote's: it has the stamp of his name in gold letters, its title, "The Man of Manners, or the Plebeian Polished," to which, perhaps, many of Foote's witticisms (interspersed through his plays), may be traced.

Mr. Polwhele was also intimate with Dr. Wolcot, with whom he became acquainted, when the latter was practising at Truro, and Mr. Polwhele says he was a skilful and benevolent physician:

"In fevers he was uncommonly successful. In some cases within my knowledge, he suffered his patients to drink cold water, which other medical men would then have deemed fatal. From consumption, many were rescued by his hand, who had been given up as irrecoverable. As a physician, he *prescribed* medicines, but he did more; he examined them, not trusting to the apothecary; and sometimes detected, with indignation, a cheap medicine substituted for a costly one. He was thus no favourite with the apothecaries or druggists of the place. But his merit, bearing all before it, showed the impotence of their resentment. And here, I should not omit (as it is connected with his poetry), a visit to my grandmother Polwhele, during her last illness, which had more of social pleasantry than of medical gravity. On the verge of eighty-five, and reduced very low from weakness, she retained her natural cheerfulness and good humour. About a week before her death, whilst Wolcot sat by her bedside, "all is well," said she, "but for the crumbs under me; they are so hard; boil them and it would do," said she, smiling. "Come, I'll tell you a story." She then told the story of "the Pilgrim and the Peas." Wolcot seized the idea; and we all know with what felicity he afterwards turned it to his poetical advantage. Wolcot disliked his profession. He was always a sensualist, but his chief luxury was music and painting. His market bills were very inconsiderable. A single domestic was, day after day, the solitary in-

of a lover and a soldier: the heroes of our volunteer companies have, at this day, indeed, some resemblance to the major; sprung in general from as low an origin, and affecting as ridiculously the military gait and manners: "Late, too, the colonel of a troop, he shone, To military tactics mighty prone; And fond his warrior-genius to display, As mock fights glitter'd to the beams of day, Oft from his high-plumed steed the field harangued, Or fiercely rush'd where bloodless armour clang'd,

See, at his back, young *Pug* the pestle quit, Whilst maladies or cease or intermit; And at the word, heigh-presto! heigh-begone! Old *Jack* the grocer start up Captain *John*:"

And ensign *Bob*, dismissing all the clerk, His parchments pale abandon with a jerk! Nor more the shippery brethren of the quill, 'Midst shrivel'd deeds, in sunless holes, sit still, But to their recent coats attention win, As each, a sleek young serpent, casts his skin, Kindling in burnisht glory glides along, And brandishes abroad his double tongue!"

habitant of his house on the bowling-green; and (Mr. Daniell's tenant) he held the premises, I believe, rent-free, through the liberality of that good old gentleman. When vacant from business, the wit and pleasantry of Wolcot's conversation would always render him a welcome visitor at the houses of all his acquaintance in Truro and the neighbourhood: and, at that time, there was a much more hospitable disposition, a much more social intercourse among the people of Truro, than at the present day. Mr. Daniell's, indeed, was the house to which our poet chiefly resorted. There he was usually to be found, and was never considered as an intruder. And in Mr. Daniell he saw, with gratitude (for he had gratitude), a second Allen. To my father, too, he was not unacceptable, as an accidental visitor; though tremblingly alive as that honoured parent was to every insinuation of an irreligious tendency, there was oftentimes such a mutual distrust between both, as to check the doctor's lively sallies, and from the experience of former feelings, to render my father fearful of what was to come, in proportion to that playfulness of wit which was growing more familiar every moment, or was taking a more licentious range.

Of Opie, the protegee of Dr. Wolcot, we have also a brief notice:—

"Opie, in his first efforts at Truro, by no means pleased the ladies: his portraits of female beauty fell far short of the originals. He well deserved the following, which I recollect to have written "*pro re nata*:"—

"Ah! spare, rude boy! that virgin cheek, Where love lies ambush'd in a dimple! Go, try thy hand on Prudence P—k—, Thy pencil would hit off her pimple."

This alludes to a girl with a large pimple on her nose. Mr. Polwhele was acquainted with Catharine Macauley, and he gives one of her letters, to show she was not an orthographist. Speaking of this lady, he says,—

"I had the honour of being introduced to Mrs. Catharine Macauley and Dr. Wilson, at Alfred House; and, at the celebration of Mrs. Macauley's birth-day, April 2, 1777, was encouraged, among other competitors for her smiles, to present her with an ode. I was introduced, also, to the young dramatic poetess of Bristol, Miss Hannah More; who, whilst Catharine was receiving homage at Bath from grey-beards and from boys, was, herself, enthroned amidst a crowd of boarding-school misses tutored to lisp, in soothing accents, her dramas and her praises."

Alluding to his own ode, he says,—

"It was soon after published, together with five other odes, which had been, likewise, presented and read to "a polite and brilliant audience," on the same memorable occasion. The first ode (as it is called), by Graves, the author of the *Spiritual Quixotte*, closes with—

"Britannia's glory thro' the world display'd And dauntless freedom by one matchless maid!!!"

to wit, by Mrs. Catharine Macauley. The second, is an irregular ode by Mr. Rack, who tells us, that "Apollo is god whom all revere!!!" The author of the third ode was a Mr. Hinks. The fourth was by the Truro school-boy: its second and third stanzas were worthy (as the critics of the day asserted) of being rescued from oblivion. In the fifth ode, Mr. Hipposley—
 "Amazed, half-drowsy, waken'd in a fright,
 Arose, and penn'd his Vision of the night."

'And in the sixth, Mr. Meyler (os magna sonaturum) exclaims,—

"Lo! the child of liberty!
 'Tis she! 'tis she! 'tis she!"

'It is well known that Mrs. Macauley was afterwards married to Dr. Graham, (who, in the introduction to the six odes, presents his acknowledgments to Dr. Wilson "through her agreeable medium;") and that, with Dr. Graham (and other champions of democracy), she emigrated to America, and died there.'

Our readers will perceive, from these extracts, that Mr. Polwhele's 'Recollections' are worthy of a better record than as a postscript to tracts on adultery and divorce; and worthy, also, of a better garb, for a more shabby appearance of paper and print seldom comes within our observance.

Colombia; being a Geographical, Statistical, Agricultural, Commercial, and Political Account of that Country; adapted for the general Reader, the Merchant, and the Colonist. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1487. London, 1822.

THE attention of the British public has recently been much called to Colombia, not so much on account of its being a new republic, formed in a new world; or because of the struggle which is not yet terminated in this quarter of the globe, between an old tyranny and a rising independence: the British people had long looked on the fair prospect of South America being rescued from the domination of Spain; and however tardy the progress of liberty might be, they never despaired of its final triumph; indeed, in full confidence of such an issue, they readily subscribed for a loan, which the government of Colombia negotiated in this country. The slow but continued success of the arms of Colombia, and the hope of a speedy and permanent establishment of its independence, caused a rapid advance in the Colombian bonds; at length, some misunderstanding, not yet cleared up, arose as to the powers invested in Mr. Zea, who negotiated the loan, and the bonds fell considerably.*

* While writing this, we find it stated in some of the daily journals, that the government

It was this loan which made the people of England feel so deeply interested in the fate of Colombia, the independence or slavery of which has become a matter of calculation. Our author has a sensible and well-written introduction on the subject of this loan, and the recognition and colonization of Colombia, its mineral and agricultural riches, &c. Of the commercial advantages which the country presents, he says:—

'Their independence once established, the Colombians will not delay opening a trade with Japan, China, and India. Their coasts, bordering on the Pacific Ocean, give them great advantages in such a trade over European nations. Porto Bello and Nicaragua will be, in some years, the staples where all America bordering on the Atlantic, and probably all Europe itself, will go to purchase Indian merchandise. This change in that great trade will produce one as considerable, in the relative wealth and power of states, as that of the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope. The Americans themselves will take to Bengal and China the metal which they furnish to Europe for maintaining this trade. The day when commerce shall take this new direction, and that day is not so distant as many suppose, will be that of the independence of the nations of Asia as well as of America, not to mention those innumerable advantages which necessarily result from unshackled commerce. The Americans of the United States have carried on the East India trade, for more than fifteen years past, with greater relative profits than the English. Those of Colombia will have only a third of the distance to sail, and will navigate on cheaper terms.

'Nor is this all. The Atlantic will be joined to the South Sea by more than one canal. Nine easy communications between them are pointed out by M. de Humboldt, in his political essay on New Spain. Since 1788, boats have sailed up through the ravine of La Raspadura to Choco, by which they have passed from the Pacific Ocean into the Sea of the Antilles. A canal across the Isthmus of Panama, would be a matter of no great difficulty. An isthmus of only thirty miles between two oceans, cannot be an insuperable barrier to the inventive genius and perseverance of man in the present age; and the ground is generally thought by late travellers to be more suitable for an enterprise of this kind, than the academicians have reported.'

The editor of the work before us is decidedly in favour of our recognizing the independence of South America; and he points out Colombia as possessing a vast superiority over the United States for colonization, on account of its distin-

of Colombia had accepted part of the money raised by Mr. Zea, which was considered as a pledge that the loan would be recognized; the consequence was that the Colombian bonds experienced a considerable rise.—REV.

guished geographical situation, its climate, and its productions.

The subjects already alluded to in the introduction being dismissed, our author proceeds to a more systematic account of this new republic, commencing with a general description of the country, then proceeding to the more particular details respecting each province, the population, and its character; the produce and commerce of the country, its history, and political state, &c. We confess that 1400 pages, devoted to the history and description of an infant republic, like that of Colombia, seems somewhat too formidable; but the author has been more anxious to collect a vast body of information than to compress it into ordinary limits by a careful and judicious analysis. Colombia is bounded on the north by the province of Costa Rica in Guatemala and the Caribbean Sea; on the east, by the Atlantic and Dutch Guiana; on the south, by Portuguese Guiana, the river Marañon, and Peru; and on the west, by the Pacific Ocean. It thus extends from the 12° of northern latitude,—in its eastern portion nearly to the equator, and in its western, nearly to the 7° of southern latitude.

The eastern portion of this vast region was formerly called Venezuela or Caracas; the western portion, New Granada, or Cundinamarca; and the southwestern extremity of the latter, Quito. The whole is now united in the republic of Colombia.

The Cordillera of the Andes crosses the country from the north to the south, a length of 4200 miles. In Colombia, the greatest altitude of the Andes is conjectured to take place nearly under the equator, where the cone of Chimborazo rises to the amazing height of 7147 yards above the level of the sea; but the Cordillera of Caracas, which is, on the average, 4500 feet in height, occasionally exceeds 8000. The mountain of Quida is 8465 feet above the sea:—

'Earthquakes and Volcanoes.—The chain of the Andes contains within its bosom these materials of destruction. Earthquakes of the most tremendous nature have occurred in these regions, and from Cotopaxi to the shores of the Straits of Magellan, forty volcanoes have been counted, which discharge lava, enormous rocks, showers of ashes, great quantities of water, liquid mud, sulphur, or devastating blasts of heated air, from their craters.

'The most striking features, indeed, of the southern Andes, are those volcanic cones, whose flanks, beset with frightful crevices of immeasurable depth, are crossed by the fearless natives, by means of pendulous bridges formed of the fibres of equinoctial

plants. Over these frail and tremulous passages, the natives sometimes carry the traveller in a chair attached to their backs, and bending forward the body, move with a swift and equal step; but when they reach the centre, the oscillation of the bridge is so great, that were they to stop, inevitable destruction must ensue; the native and his burden would be dashed to the bottom of a precipice, to whose profound depth the eye can hardly reach. These bridges are, from the nature of their materials, frequently out of repair, presenting to the shuddering European who visits these countries, frightful chasms, over which the Indians step with undaunted confidence.

'It is a remark made by all the inhabitants of these provinces, says Depons, speaking of Caracas in particular, that the rains, before 1792, were accompanied with lightnings and terrible claps of thunder, and that since that period, till 1804, the rain falls in great abundance, without any of the usual accompaniments of a storm. He thinks that the atmospheric electricity has been attracted and accumulated in that mass of matter which forms the Cordilleras, and that to this cause is to be ascribed the earthquakes which were experienced at Cumana in the month of December, 1797, and whose ravages have been so great. They had not felt any of these commotions since 1778 and 1779.

'On the 1st May, 1802, at eleven in the evening, there was a pretty strong shock felt at Caracas, with oscillation from west to east. On the 20th of the same month, at five minutes past four o'clock in the evening, there was another of a vertical direction, which lasted one minute, nor did the earth resume its horizontal level for two minutes afterwards. On the 4th July following, at forty-eight minutes past two o'clock in the morning, two strong shocks were felt; and on the same day, at thirty-five minutes past six in the morning, there was another not so strong. The causes and local origin of the earthquakes appear to be in the province of Cumana; for they are there more violent than elsewhere.'

Colombia has several lakes, particularly the Lake of Maracaibo, which is 150 miles long, 90 broad, and communicates with the Gulph of Venezuela. Its rivers are large and numerous, particularly the Orinoco.

The particular details of each province is interesting as a whole, but does not furnish us with a favourable extract for quoting, we, therefore, proceed to other subjects. The total population of Colombia is 2,644,600 persons. In a chapter devoted to 'Marriages and Children in Colombia,' we are told—

'Religion, public opinion, and that spirit of gallantry which distinguishes the nation, all conspire to establish amongst the Spaniards, both in the Old and New World, a partiality for matrimony, which is not otherwise without its particular prerogatives. The smallest indication, for instance, of irre-

gular conduct, is admitted as a proof against a bachelor; whereas, the most indisputable proofs against a married man are generally rejected, unless his lawful wife prefers the complaint.

'In Colombia, before the revolution, girls were allowed to be arrived at the period which is commonly called the age of puberty at twelve; and boys, at fourteen. This was also about the time they thought of marrying. A young man, not destined for the church, who was not married at twenty, began to be thought dilatory; and nothing was more common than to see a young couple, both whose ages, when added, did not exceed thirty. As soon as Nature gave the hint, they sought to gratify her desire in the chase bonds of matrimony. Marriage, they thought, was the seal of manhood. The study of character seldom, however, preceded the conjugal tie. An union for life was formed with as little premeditation, as if it were that of a day. The sympathy of caprice was mistaken for that of passion; a momentary liking for a permanent attachment. This, in a great measure, was to be ascribed to the old laws, which, in this important transaction of human life, upon which depend the happiness or misery of both parties concerned for the remainder of their days, gave too little controul to parents over the inclinations of their children.'

'The inconsiderate protection which the police extends to wives, to the prejudice of their husbands, is, says the same writer, another source of evil in their domestic intercourse. No mortal is more unhappy than a Creole whose wife is of a jealous, unruly, or peevish disposition. If she is tormented with jealousy, she easily finds access to the provisor, the curate, or any of the magistrates, who are all disposed implicitly to believe whatever tale of reproach her malicious ingenuity will be pleased to fabricate against the husband. The most usual subject of complaint is, that the gallant husband keeps a mistress, or at least squanders away his money in debauchery, keeps his family in penury, makes his wife unhappy, offers violence to her person, &c. &c. Of all this she is not required to give any proof. She is credited upon her bare word. According to the rank her husband sustains in society, he is either summoned to receive a sharp reprimand, or he is immediately clapped in prison; and there he remains until his wife condescends to ask his release. If the husband complains of the misdemeanor of his wife, she has only to pretend to be highly offended at a charge which amounts to an attack upon her honour, and the poor husband is condemned to silence, to teach him more discretion; nay, he may think he has made a lucky escape, if he does not undergo the punishment that was merited by his wife.

'The Creole, if married, he asserts, must not undertake a journey without the express consent of his wife, and without providing for her subsistence during his absence. If he does not return precisely on the day appointed at his departure, the magistrates, on the first application of the wife, order the

husband to return to his forlorn spouse. Were he in Chili or in California, home he must go, whether his business be finished or unfinished; his wife has spoken the word, and he must comply. Every military man, every officer of administration or justice, if a married man, leaves to his wife, who does not follow him, a proportion of his pay, never less than one-third; if he does not do it with a good grace, the treasurer will be obliging enough to make a retention of the sum.'

Our author gives a good picture of Colombian manners; and is a sort of South-American Chesterfield on good-breeding:—

'The stranger who arrives, as well as the person who returns home after a long absence, must wait for the compliment of a visit. In their turn, they visit only those who did them the honour of calling upon them, excepting their superiors, who likewise frequently make the first advance. This duty is performed either personally or by writing, or even by a simple message. Not to be apprised of the arrival of a stranger, or the return of the absent, is a crime against the laws of etiquette, which establishes between the person who should pay and the person who should receive the visit, a coldness which may sometimes border upon enmity. The impression made by such an oversight is not to be easily effaced.

'The rules of civility are violated when a person changes his place of residence without giving intimation of it to all the neighbours of the house he leaves, as well as to those amongst whom he is going. This notice is commonly given by a circular card, in which they express to the former, the regret which they feel in removing from a place whose neighbourhood has always been so agreeable to them, informing them, at the same time, that they transfer their residence to such a house, and will be always ready to execute the orders of the person to whom the attention is paid: to the latter, they speak of the pleasure they anticipate from fixing their abode amongst such honourable neighbours, and beg to be permitted to make a tender of their services. A satisfactory answer or personal visit is punctually expected from every neighbour, in failure of which, the families do not live on the footing of friends.

'When a marriage takes place, the parties concerned advise all their friends and acquaintances of the connexion which they have just formed. This communication is made either by the joint visit of the bridegroom and his father-in-law, or by cards, in which the young couple testify their warmest attachment to the interest of the person addressed.—The same formality is observed on the birth of a child. As soon as the child is ushered into the world, the father informs all his neighbours that his spouse has blessed him with an accession to his family, and that the young guest is another added to the number of those servants who are always ready to receive the commands of the person who is thus informed of the event. All

these intimations are repaid with visits, otherwise a very serious misunderstanding may be the consequence.

'It is deemed a trespass against the rules of decency to neglect visiting any acquaintance who is confined to the house on account of indisposition, whether dangerous or slight. The convalescent, in return, thinks it a sacred duty to devote his first visits abroad to the person who has honoured him with these marks of attention.

'All Creoles of either sex who rank above the common, on the festival of their tutelar saint, receive visits from all their friends and acquaintances, but particularly from those who are dependent upon them, or who have an interest in conciliating their favour. There is such a continual resort to their houses on such occasions, as exactly resembles our ancient visits on New Year's Day. As the host is not always visible, and as it is necessary to know those who discharge this duty, they place in the corridor, or parlour, a table covered with tapestry, upon which they leave an ink-stand, and pen and paper. Every visitant is obliged to write his name upon the list, which becomes a proof of the attention and esteem of those whose names are enrolled. These visits are most convenient, as they do not require to be returned till the days of the like festivals of the respective visitants. They must then be remembered.

'Good-breeding among the Creoles requires, that the visitant, before going into the house, make some noise at the door, in order to give notice to the family of his arrival, and that he should not advance a step farther till he receives permission from within. The silence of the person who would go in without any ceremony, would be liable to a very unfavourable construction. He would be suspected of the rude intention of coming on the family by surprise, or overhearing their conversation before his arrival was discovered.

'The ladies never get up to receive any visits whatever. If they are in their apartments when a visit is announced, they do not permit the door of the chamber, where the visitant is to be introduced, to be opened till they are seated on their sofas, and think themselves in the attitude proper for receiving company. This custom is rigidly adhered to, without respect to rank, sex, or intimacy.

'The ladies never visit one another without giving previous notice. They send early in the morning a recado, or message, to ask permission to pay their visit. These visits always take place in the afternoon, from five o'clock till night, or from the time the bell rings for the Angelus, or evening-prayer, till eight o'clock. The gentlemen rarely accompany the ladies upon these occasions. They go without any escort, attended only by two or three servant-girls, dressed in black petticoats and white mantles.

'According to the law of etiquette, one must appear munificent to the person with whom he converses. If you tell a Creole that he has a fine watch, a fine diamond, a fine cane, a fine sword, a fine coat, he al-

ways replies, "Yes, sir, at your service;" making a movement as if he would give it you. In the same way he acts when his house, his children, or his lady is the subject of conversation: "all these," says the Creole, in the same phraseology, "all these are your's, sir, who admire them."

'The costume of etiquette, for visits as well as festivals, is taffeta, satin, or cut velvet coat and breeches. Cloth is never used, unless the person is in mourning; and then, to make it appear more sumptuous, it is adorned with rich embroidery. The waistcoat must be of gold tissue, or at least of silk covered with embroidery; the hat cocked. This attire would still signify nothing, if it were not accompanied with a silver, or, in case the person is rich, a gold-hilted sword.'

Of the marriages of the Indians, our author says:—

'Marriage is found established among the Indians. With them, however, it has no connexion with religion; as there is nothing implied in it which bears any relation to the Divinity. There is no law amongst them to prohibit marriage between near relations; and yet there appears no incestuous union sanctioned by the name of marriage.

'In this transaction, the father has no controul over the will of his son; but he exercises an absolute controul over that of his daughter. She must always blindly give her hand to the spouse, or rather to the master, whom her father destines for her. Instead of giving a dowry with his daughter, he receives one from his new son-in-law, who pays it in labour, game, fish, or some other articles.

'The whole ceremony of marriage consists in dancing and drinking to excess. Amongst the Indians of Tierra Firme, the relations, neighbours, and friends of both parties were invited. The men who attended carried the wood and straw necessary for building the hut destined for the young couple; the women presented to the bride as much fish, fruit, bread, and liquor, as was necessary for the celebration of the marriage; the men sung an epithalamium to the bridegroom, and the women to the bride; they danced and sang till night; as soon as darkness succeeded the light of day, they presented the bride to the husband, and the ceremony was closed. The piaches, or priests, had no right with respect to the first wives, who were exclusively legitimate: those afterwards married were only adoptive or supernumerary; and there the priests claimed the *primitia*. Men of distinction amongst them were delicate with regard to their first alliance. To be worthy the hand of a chief, the wife must be descended of a family distinguished by the military exploits, or other remarkable actions of some of her ancestors.

'Upon the borders of the Orinoco, these sorts of ceremonies are nearly the same. The only difference is in the kind of epithalamia which some old dames sing to the young brides. "Ah! my daughter," says one of them, "what torments thou preparest

for thyself! Hadst thou foreseen them, thou wouldst not have married." "Ah!" says another, "couldst thou have believed, that in the conjugal state thou wouldst pass a single moment without shedding tears of blood?" "The pains of child-bed," says a third, "are nothing compared to those with which thy husband shall afflict thee: he shall be thy tyrant; and thou shalt be his victim." These predictions are but too well fulfilled: for, besides what the women have to suffer amongst the savages in general, those of the Orinoco experience a treatment elsewhere unparalleled. The day of her nuptials is the last that a female of the Orinoco has not to lament the unhappy lot of her sex. All domestic labours without exception form her task. The toil of culture and harvest must be performed by her hands. Neither the embarrassments of pregnancy, nor the duty of suckling her children, exempt her from any part of the painful toils which are imposed by the matrimonial state. She stands exposed to the heat of a scorching sun, to the torrents which rush from the sky, and she mingles her blood with her sweat, whilst her barbarous husband, supinely reclining in his hammock, smokes his segar, and copiously regales himself with spirituous liquors, without addressing a single word to his companion exhausted with fatigue. This unfortunate creature is not only excluded from partaking of the repast which she herself prepares, but, standing silently by him, she waits till her oppressor has finished his meal, in order to feed on the fragments.'

From the state of manners, our author passes to the article of dress:—

'No costume appears so beautiful to an Indian, as to have his whole body painted with red. Oil and rocou are the ingredients which compose the paint, and every one applies it either with his own hand, or that of another. Children upon the breast undergo the same operation twice every day. No Indian thinks himself naked when he is painted. It would require a long time to persuade him, that it is more decent to dress than to paint himself. When strangers of the Indian race come to a family, hospitality requires that the women should wash away the paint that is sullied by the dirt or dust, and give them a fresh colour.

'Red paint being in some sort the only clothing of the Indians, two kinds may be distinguished among them, according as they are more or less affluent. The common decoration of the Caribbees, the Otomacs, and the Jaruroes, is onoto, called by the Spaniards achote, and by the planters of Cayenne rocou. It is the colouring matter extracted from the pulp of the bixa orellana. The Indian women prepare the onoto, by throwing the seeds of the plant into a tub filled with water. They heat this water for an hour, and then leave it to deposit tranquilly the colouring fecula, which is of an intense brick red. After having separated the water, they take out the fecula, dry it between their hands, knead it with oil of turtles' eggs, and form it into round cakes of

three or four ounces weight. When turtles' oil is wanting, some nations mix with the onoto the fat of the crocodile.'

'Painting and tatooing are not restrained in either of the two worlds to one race, or one zone only. These kinds of ornaments are most common among the Malay and American races; but in the time of the Romans they existed also among the white race in the north of Europe. As the most picturesque garments and modes of dress are found in the Grecian Archipelago and Western Asia, so the type of beauty in painting and tatooing is displayed by the islanders of the South Sea. Some clothed nations still paint their hands, their nails, and their faces. It would seem that painting is then confined to those parts of the body that remain uncovered; and while rouge, which recalls to mind the savage state of man, disappears by degrees in Europe, in some towns of the province of Peru, the ladies think they embellish their delicate and white skins, by covering them with colouring vegetable matter, starch, white of eggs, and flour. After having lived a long time among men painted with anotto and chica, we are singularly struck with these remains of ancient barbarism, retained amid all the usage of civilization.

'On festival days, the painting of the Indians presents designs of different colours. To this decoration the men add feathers for the head, and bits of gold and silver suspended from the nose and ears. There are some nations, such as the Guaraons of the mouth of the Orinoco, who carry pride so far as to heighten this magnificent costume by a cotton apron of six inches square; yet this piece of coquetry is only permitted to females.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

Monopoly Unmasked, and shewn to be the Primary Cause of Pauperism and Agricultural Distress; from a Statement of Facts never before Published. January, 1823. 8vo. pp. 40.

THIS is a sensible pamphlet, and is more to the purpose than all the speeches that the 'country gentlemen,' as they are called, have uttered in Parliament, on the subject of agricultural distress, since the period that their high rents rendered good living rather a luxury than one of the necessities of life. The author, after noticing the various alleged causes of agricultural distress, attributes it to that monopoly which the accumulation of money engendered during the war. The first monopoly which he notices is agricultural; and he shows, by documents, that the expenses of the poor have kept pace with the monopoly of land. He deplures, and justly, the converting of small farms into large ones, by which means, thousands of families have been dispossessed of the means of subsistence, and compelled to

live on a tax, under the name of a poor's rate. In the following statement, we believe, every person who has had the means of making himself acquainted with the subject, will agree:—

'From a review of the premises, as it respects the monopoly of land, it is but too evident, that the first and principal cause of the increase of pauperism is the almost total extinction of the cottage peasantry in some parts of the country, since farms have increased from one to two thousand acres and more; while from twenty to two hundred acres of good land, or four hundred of inferior, would have been sufficient to have maintained a family respectably, when aided by the industry and frugality of those, who thought it no disgrace to co-operate with their servants in the labours of the field.

'Before the increase of large farms, the country markets were numerously attended: the trades-people then took more money in one day than during a week at the present time; they could then, on account of their doing more business, afford to sell their goods at a much less profit than now; and, in return, they were furnished with the luxuries of the farm-yard, the orchard, the garden, and the dairy, at considerably less than half the price they have since been obliged to pay for them. It was then customary for the cottagers, after bringing up their children to habits of industry and frugality, to put them to some useful service, and if, perchance, illness befell them, or the means of their employment ceased, they had a comfortable home to return to, whereby, without the aid of parochial relief, their health could be re-established, or a new situation found for them; and the chief object of the young people of those days was by a habit of industry they had been used to, and much self-denial of the comforts of life, to save a little money, in order that they might be prepared, when about to settle in the world, to enter into some cottage farm or small way of business. There were then very few of those premature and improvident marriages, which are now so common, by which there are brought into existence a numerous offspring, without any other prospect for their maintenance than their daily labour or the poor-rates.'

Next to the monopoly of land, comes that of public-houses, by the country brewers. The monopoly of the landlords only raised the price of the article; that of the brewers does more, it deteriorates its quality. In treating of this subject, our author appears to have anticipated the new bill of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to which we have elsewhere alluded. He gives a variety of estimates and details, of the correctness of which we have no doubt: by these he shows that the profits of the brewers are most enormous.

From malt to meal is a natural transition enough, and our author not only

shows that the baker, but that the butcher also is over-paid. He then proceeds to suggest his remedy; and here, again, he has so singularly anticipated the Chancellor of the Exchequer's new bill, that we suspect this gentleman must have taken no small share of his plan from the pamphlet before us. We quote one or two passages in support of this supposition:—

'To preserve the different qualities of malt liquor entire, let it be so regulated, that if the brewers make less than a certain quantity of ale or porter from the malt used, they may be subject to a higher rate of tax; but if they use more than a certain quantity, let them (like the malt distiller) pay double for the surplus, leaving it in the power of government, in case of excessive dearness in the price of barley, to abate such extra tax for a certain period.

'To afford every possible facility to the accommodation of the public in the use of beer, let every person be allowed to keep a public-house who wishes to do so, or let private persons sell ale or beer, out of doors only, upon payment of the taxes on beer and on the licences.'

There are many other points in this pamphlet well worthy of notice, but those we have already mentioned will show that the author not only possesses the necessary information connected with his subject, but that he has treated it with great ability; and we particularly recommend his little work to the public—but more especially to the legislature, whose province it will shortly be to decide on the important question he has so ably discussed.

Encyclopædia of Antiquities. No. III.
By T. D. FOSBROKE, M. A. F. R. S.

THE Third Part of this excellent work is devoted to an account of the architecture of the Britons and Anglo-Saxons; and Mr. Fosbroke, on this subject, displays the most elaborate and extensive research: he traces the progress of military architecture, as exhibited in the Danish and Norman castles, with the improvements made on them up to the seventeenth century. Ecclesiastical architecture next comes under his notice; and this he divides into several periods, describing with singular minuteness, every thing connected with the religious ceremonies of the church. From this part of the subject we shall select a few passages:—

'Cripts, for clandestine drinking, feasting, and things of that kind. Oswald, afterwards Archbishop of York, received from his abbot a secret place in the church, that he might indulge in private prayer. This secret place was a crypt, called a confession-al; before the door of which twelve poor,

all clerks, used to receive daily alms; and the Cript had an altar where he celebrated mass.

'Saint's Bells.'—The use of which was this, says M. Harding. "We have commonly seen the priest, when he sped him to say his service, ring the saunce-bell, and speake out aloud, *Pater Noster*, by which token the people were commanded silence, reverence, and devotion." According to Staveley, and Warton from him, it was rung when the priest came to the "Holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, or *Trisagium*, in order that all persons without might fall on their knees in reverence of the Host, then elevated." They then bowed the head, spread or elevated the hands, and said, "Salve Lux Mundi," &c. *Hail, Light of the World, &c.* In opposition to Barclay, Erasmus says, no person ever passed by a church or cross without pulling off his hat or bowing.

'Pulpits, which generally faced the west, that the people's faces, in all acts of devotion, might look towards the east, according to the custom of the primitive times; the change to the south, or other direction, being a reform of the Puritans; and Sir Walter Mildmay, in the foundation of the chapel of Emanuel College, Cambridge (which stood north and south out of opposition), first setting the example.

"In the annals of Dunstable priory is this item: "In 1483 made a clock over the pulpit." A stand for an hour-glass still remains in many pulpits. A rector of Bibury used to preach two hours, regularly turning the glass. After the text, the esquire of the parish withdrew, smoked his pipe, and returned to the blessing. Lecturers' pulpits have also hour-glasses. The priest had sometimes a watch found him by the parish.

'Painted Glass.'—Warton says, that the stem of Jesse was a favourite subject. Sugerius thus proves it: "I have caused to be painted a beautiful variety of new windows, from the first, which begins with the stem of Jesse in the *Caput Ecclesie* [the part where the altar was erected, Du Cange], as far as that which is over the principal gate." Any miraculous events happening to persons were represented in their chapels and churches in stained glass, or such as happened within the knowledge of the erector. Common subjects were, a genealogical series of benefactors—arms and figures of donors of lights—the seven sacraments of the Romish church—many crowned heads with curled hair and forked beards, represent the Edwards, Richard II., and Henry IV.—whole length figures, with crowns and sceptres, Jewish kings, connected with some scriptural history, universally so when in profile.

Of Encaustic Pavements Mr. Fosbroke gives the following interesting account:

"In the Norman centuries there is abundant proof that Mosaic work was adopted as an embellishment of the High Altar, and before shrines; at first exhibiting scriptural stories, painted upon glazed bricks and tiles of an irregular shape, fitted together as the colour suited; and upon the same plan as the stained glass in windows. As an im-

provement in the succeeding ages, the bricks were made equilateral, and about four inches square, which, when arranged and connected, produced an effect very much resembling the Roman designs, yet wanting their simplicity and taste. The wreaths, circles, and single compartments, retain marks of Gothic incorrectness, and of as gross deviation from the original as the Saxon mouldings. At what period heraldic devices were introduced cannot be ascertained with precision; but it is probable that when they were carved, or painted upon escutcheons, or stained in glass, the floors received them likewise as a new ornament. The arms of founders and benefactors were usually inserted, during the middle centuries, after the conquest (though doubtless there are earlier instances), when many of the greater abbeys employed kilns for preparing them; from which the conventual and their dependent parochial churches were supplied. Some have conjectured that the painted tiles were made by Italian artizans settled in this country; and it has been thought that the monks, having acquired the art of painting and preparing them for the kiln in the manner of porcelain, amused their leisure by designing and finishing them. Exquisite delicacy and variety (though seldom of more than two colours) are particularly discernible in those of a date, when this branch of encaustic painting had reached its highest perfection. It should be remarked that the use of these painted bricks was confined to consecrated places, almost without exception; and that all of them discovered since the reformation have been upon the sites of convents, preserved either in churches or in houses, to which strong tradition confirms their removal. Amongst those of later date, arms impaled and quartered, as well as scrolls, rebuses, and cyphers, are very frequent; and interspersed with other devices are single figures, such as gryphons, spread-eagles, roses, fleurs-de-lis, &c. of common heraldic usage indeed, but not individually applied. It appears, that in some instances they formed a kind of tessellated pavement, the middle representing a maze or labyrinth, about two feet in diameter, so artfully contrived, that a man following all the intricate meanders of its volutes, could not travel less than a mile before he got from one end to the other. The tiles are baked almost to vitrification; and wonderfully resist damp and wear.

"Actual tessellated pavements once existed. A manuscript Anglo-Saxon Glossary, cited by Junius, says, "of this kind of work, Mosaic in small dies, is little in England. Howbeit, I have seen of it a specimen upon church floors, before altars, as before the high altar at Westminster, though it be but gross." Junius has probably mistaken this *Anglo-Saxon* pavement for Abbot Ware's, of the date of 1272.

The following notices are equally curious:—

'Epitaphs.'—The first inscribed funeral monuments are those bearing the names of Romanized Britons in Cornwall or Wales. A small band instead of capitals, was intro-

duced about the seventh century. Lombardick capitals became general, on tomb-stones in the thirteenth century; 1361 the latest instance. The text hand, introduced about seventeen years after, continued to the reign of Elizabeth. To the Lombardick capitals succeeded inscriptions in text letters, with abbreviations, engraved on brass. Roman round hand took place about the end of Henry VIII. The old English about the middle of the fourteenth century. Workmen or officers of churches, not unfrequently had epitaphs on the outside walls. A and W the most accustomed form of epitaph, and the Monogram; in after ages, *Hic jacet* or *Orate pro animâ*. French epitaphs are as early as the thirteenth century. [They are earlier. F. Savage, in his "Memorabilia," says, that *Orate pro animâ* was omitted temp. Edward VI.; that the oldest instance of a skeleton monument is in 1241, that the cross-legged figures are to be placed between 1224 and 1313; that the first table monument is that of King John, who died in 1216, and that the fashion lasted from 1300 to James I.]

'Crosses.'—Stone crosses owed their origin to marking the Druid stones with crosses, in order to change the worship without breaking the prejudice. Many of the crosses presumed to be Runic rather belong to the civilized Britons. Crosses were also erected by many of the Christian kings before a battle or great enterprize, with prayers and supplications for the assistance of Almighty God. Whitaker thinks, that crosses with scroll-work are always antecedent to the conquest.

'Preaching Crosses.'—That of the Blackfriars, or Friars Preachers, in Hereford, is of an hexagonal shape, open on each side, and raised on steps. In the centre is a kind of table of the same shape, supporting the shaft, which, branching out into ramifications, forms the roof, and passing through it appears above in a mutilated state. The top of the pulpit is embattled, and round the cross were, no doubt, pentries for the congregation, as there were at St. Paul's cross, in London.

'Market Crosses.'—As crosses were in every place designed to check a worldly spirit, these were intended to inculcate upright intentions and fairness of dealing. In almost every town, which had a religious foundation, there was one of these crosses, to which the peasants resorted to vend provisions.

'Weeping Crosses.'—Because penances were finished before them.

'Street Crosses.'—Here sermons were preached, royal proclamations made, laws published, and malefactors sometimes hanged. The corpse, in conveyance to Church, was set down there, that all the people attending might pray for the soul of the deceased. Mendicants stationed themselves there to beg alms for Christ's sake. "Qwer-soever," says an ancient MS. "a cross standeth, there is a forgiveness payne."

'Crosses of Memorial.'—Where the bier of an eminent person stopped, in attestation of a miracle performed there. In com-

moration of battles, murder, and fatal events, sepulchral mementoes.

'Crosses for Landmarks.—Mentioned anno 528, and common afterwards. Kings and lords used them as tokens of dominion; and they were especial landmarks of the Templars and Hospitalers. The form of a cross was used, that no man for conscience sake should remove them.

'Crosses of small Stones,—where a person had been killed.

'Crosses on the High-way:—frequently placed to call the thoughts of the passenger to a sense of religion, and restrain the predatory incursions of robbers. Usually erected also in the way leading to parochial churches, possibly for stations, when the roads were visited in processions.

'Crosses at the Entrances of Churches,—to inspire recollection and reverence.

'Crosses in attestation of a Peace made.'

Civil architecture comes next under observation, and here we trace the progress of improvement, from the rude and cheerless huts of our ancestors to the domestic comfort of an English house; from this part of the subject, we shall collect a few miscellaneous notices:—

'We find Anglo-Saxon houses of twigs or basket-work, with yards surrounded with a wall, and in these and the succeeding aras entered through an out-house, curtains extending across the room;—made of stone, paved [a convenience not universal even in Elizabeth's reign];—good houses in London, with courts before them, some even with a chapel, orchard, &c. surrounded with other houses for the sake of safety. But, nevertheless, timber, with lath and plaister, and thatch for the roofs, constituted the chief materials in the dwellings of the English, from an early period till near the close of the fourteenth century and beginning of the fifteenth, when bricks began to be used in the better sort of houses.'

'Chimnies.—The writers for and against chimnies, among the classical ancients, are enumerated by Fabricius in his *Bibliotheca Antiquariana*. Beckman has summed up the whole in the negative, as most others, but chiefly on the evidence of finding none at Herculaneum; but Scamozzi says, that he had seen at *Baia, Civita Vecchia, &c.* an ancient chimney, newly discovered. It was quadrangular, and the funnel a pyramid, which ended in a point; a fashion which prevailed in the fourteenth century. If they were used, they were very rare; and, perhaps, were derived at first from forges. We find them cut obliquely through the wall in an Anglo-Saxon castle; but they were confined to these, religious houses, and manor places. There was a great increase of them in the reign of Elizabeth, and apologies were made to visitors, or they were sent out to other houses, at least ladies, if they could not be accommodated with rooms which had chimnies.'

'Fire-places.—Arched hearths among the Anglo-Saxons; even cottages had two *camini*. *Mediastini* were fire-places in the

centre, and holes for the escape of smoke. At Cheveley Park, Cambridgeshire, a fireplace in form of pantiles. Rere-dosses and chating-dishes most usual till the general use of chimnies. Leland, speaking of Bolton Castle, built temp. Richard II. says, "one thyng I much notyd in the haulte of Bolton; how chimneys were conveyed by tunnels made on the syds of the wauls betwyxt the lights in the hawel; and by this means and by no covers is the smoke of the harthe in the hawle wonder strangely conveyed."

'Rooms.—The Britons had no bed-rooms, but, according to the customs of the ancient Welsh and Highlanders, slept on the floor on mats in one common room. The bed-rooms and upper chambers of the Anglo-Saxons were vaulted, bolted, furnished with a chest and a round back chair by the side of the bed, adorned with silk palls and hangings. We find a seat near the bed, highly fitted up, and hung round with curtains; fires kept all night in a brazier; statues and images in them; used as sitting-rooms; sometimes a whole family sleeping in them; strawed, but carpeted in the fifteenth century; fire-places, with dogs; niches above for candlesticks, vases, &c.; armed chair, cushioned, by the side of the bed; hung with tapestry, or painted flower-pieces suspended; a chest; a large stand of two stages for cups, &c. the upper covered with a cloth; the great chest and the strong or money-box, for all kind of valuables, was usual, from the Roman scrinium to the modern cottage; a cup-board sometimes accompanying the chests. The bed-chamber of Edward VI. was to have no back-doors into gardens or courts. Our kings did not sleep in the room alone; and gentlemen of the privy-chamber slept in an adjoining apartment. In Elizabeth's bed-room we find two locks to the door, one called the privy-lock. Anne, queen of James I., had a walnut-tree chest of drawers in her room. Naming rooms, as the Apollo of Lucullus, and painting them, an Egyptian fashion, a substitute among us for hangings, are mediæval custom. Perfuming rooms, strewing them with rushes, and putting flower-pots in the windows, occur.

'Hangings.—The carpenters were such bad joiners, that hangings were absolutely necessary, says Turner; but more probably, as the buildings were chiefly stone, to hide the walls and be moveable. The invention of tapestry is ascribed to the Pergamenians; i. e. Attalus III King of Pergamus, the inventor of gold embroidery, died about 621, A. U. C. and, having no issue, made the Roman people his heir, through which his tapestry was introduced, it being before unknown. The Greeks and Latins had hangings, on which figures were worked. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors had wall-hangings, most of them silken, some with the figures of golden birds in needle-work, others woven, and some plain. The destruction of Troy was a favourite pattern: one lady thus recorded the actions of her husband, in memory of his probity. Hangings with arms were frequent. Anderson, who quotes

Guicciardini, says, that the particular manufacture, which we call tapestry, was invented in Flanders about 1410, and La Brocquiere supports him. Henry mentions an attempt to introduce it here, temp. Henry VIII. and it appears that W. Sheldon, Esq. brought workmen over at his own expense, and employed them in weaving maps of the different counties, of which, specimens remain at Weston. In 1619, Sir Fr. Crane actually introduced it, but the foreign was preferred even in 1663. In the reign of Elizabeth, men, in fantastical postures, like morris-dancers, were common patterns for hangings or apparel. A foreigner says, that the English made much use of tapestry and painted cloths, well executed, and covered with a profusion of fine coloured roses, fleurs-de-lis, and lions, there being few houses without this tapestry. We find, however, not only Flemish tapestry, but Chinese, Indian, very scarce, Turkish and Tyrian tapestry, whatever it was, all in use here at the same period.

Paper hangings were invented early in the seventeenth century, and Beckman distinguishes the origin of each specific kind. Leather hangings are of the same æra.

'Hiding-places were an annexation to rooms now unknown. In a turret, projecting from the east tower of the Tower Gateway, at Oxburgh Hall, county of Norfolk, is a curious hiding-place or hollow space in the wall, measuring about six feet long, by five feet wide and seven in height. The entrance to this dark and secret recess is through a small arched closet, wherein is a trap-door, concealed in the pavement. The door is formed of a wooden frame, inclosing bricks, and its centre is fixed on an iron axle; by a forcible pressure on one side, the other end rises, and thus the solitary den or cell is disclosed; but the door is so constructed and situated, that it would never be found by accident.'

BOWRING'S RUSSIAN ANTHOLOGY.

MR. BOWRING has published a second volume of Russian Anthology, part of it translated while confined in Boulogne Prison; and thus, like Raleigh, he has 'with his prison-thoughts enrich'd the world.' We were the first to do justice to Mr. Bowring's former volume, and a hasty glance convinces us, that the work now before us will form a worthy companion to it. For the present, however, we can only quote two short poems, but shall return to the work hereafter:—

THE SHIPWRECK.—BY DERZHAVIN.

'The silver moon the clouds looks through,
Her beams upon the waters float;
And midst the gathering mist and dew
The mariner has launch'd his boat.

'And in that moonlight's placid ray
His course across the deep he takes;
The welcome port before him lay,
And in his bosom joy awakes.

But oh! he dashes on a rock—
His voice is choked—his eye is dim;
A moment struggling 'gainst the shock,
And then—the waves o'er-mantle him.
'Tis but life's picture—for the tomb
Drags all things to its desolate cell:
Hope is a flower of Morning's bloom—
And love and friendship—fare ye well!

TO CHLOE.—BY DMITRIEV.

Of all flowers the fairest
Is the rose to me;
I had deem'd it dearest
For its constancy.
Every day completer
Seem'd it to my view,
And its breath was sweeter,
Brighter was its hue.
Trust not Fortune's blossom,
For my rose I found
On the mountain's bosom
Choked with absinth round.
Yet it had not perish'd;
Still in smiles it shone—
'Twas the rose I cherish'd,
But—its breath was gone.
Chloe! I bethink me
What a rose thou art!
Foolish one! to link me
To a woman's heart.

The Portfolio; a Collection of Engravings, from Antiquarian, Architectural, and Topographical Subjects, curious Works of Art, &c. With Descriptions. Parts IV., V., and VI. London, 1823.

THE first volume of this elegant literary and graphical bijou has just been concluded, by the publication of the sixth number. It is still marked by the same good taste which we noticed at its commencement: the subjects are well selected, and the plates beautifully engraved. As a specimen of the letter-press descriptions, which accompany each plate, we subjoin the following account of Shaw House, near Newbery, in Berkshire:—

'This mansion is celebrated as being the head-quarters of the unfortunate Charles I., after the memorable battle of Newbery, which was fought in the year 1644. The king having detached three regiments of horse to the relief of Banbury Castle, which was then besieged, was on his way to Oxford, when he was met near Newbery by the forces of the Parliament, and compelled to fight, with his army weakened as before mentioned. The king fortified himself as well as he could at Newbery, and placed his foot in the entrenchments, whilst the horse were posted in two adjoining fields, and for some days there were frequent skirmishes between the two armies. At length, on Sunday, the 27th of October, the parliament generals having divided their forces into two bodies, attacked the king's entrenchments at two several places. The fight, which began at three or four o'clock in the afternoon, held till night, and was extremely sharp, each party repulsing the other by

turns—on the approach of night, the assailants forced part of the entrenchment, and took several pieces of ordnance.

'A variety of evidences yet remain at Shaw House of the execution done by the conflicting parties. In an old oak wainscot of a bow window in the library is a hole about the height of a man's head. This aperture, according to tradition, was made by a bullet fired at the king as he was dressing at the window, by a musketeer of the parliament army. The shot narrowly missed him, and the wainscot is carefully preserved in memory of the transaction; a basket of ball is likewise shown, which was gathered about the premises.

'Shaw House was built by an eminent clothier, named Dolman, about the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign; it is a large edifice, built principally of brick. Mr. Dolman being sufficiently enriched by his business, erected this mansion, intending to pass his remaining days here in ease and retirement; having withdrawn his capital from mercantile pursuits, those who had been benefited by his former speculations, followed him into his retirement with many sarcasms; and it has been observed, that the various Latin and Greek sentences inscribed upon different parts of the house, show that he was well acquainted with the opinions of his neighbours; the remembrance of whose illiberality has been preserved to this day by the following grotesque distich:—

"Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners, Thomas Dolman has built a new house and turn'd away all his spinners."

THE GREEKS.

1. *Considerations upon the Greek Revolution, with a Vindication of the Author's Address to the People of England, from the Attack of Mr. C. B. Sheridan.* By the REVEREND T. S. HUGHES. 8vo. pp. 26. London, 1823.
2. *A Letter addressed to the Rev. T. S. Hughes.* By EDMUND HENRY BARKER, ESQ. Fourth Edition, with considerable Additions and Corrections. 8vo. pp. 228. London, 1823.

MR. HUGHES is an eloquent and ardent advocate for the Greeks, whose sacred cause, neglected as it has been by the powers of Europe, still prospers. Mr. Barker is no less zealous in his endeavours to call the attention of the public to the subject. His Letter, which is called a fourth edition, was first printed for private circulation;—reprinted in a respectable country journal, the *Southampton County Chronicle*;—printed a third time, we believe, at Southampton, and now, in its present form. Having, in our review of the pamphlets of Lord Erskine and Mr. Sheridan, as well as on other occasions, expressed our opinion in favour of the Greeks, and find-

ing no new arguments in the work before us, we see no cause to dwell upon them. They contain, perhaps, all that can be said on the subject, and do credit to the open and generous feelings of the authors.

The Pleasures of Friendship: a Tale. 12mo. pp. 306. London, 1823.

THE fair author of this volume,—and being informed in the preface that it is the production of a female, we, in accordance with the gallantry of the age, pronounce her fair,—declares her object to be, to engage and entertain the youthful mind, while she enforces the precepts of religion and morality. We think the 'Pleasures of Friendship' well calculated to do all this, since it is a well written, pleasing, moral, and instructive tale.

Rassela, Principe d' Abissinia; Tradotto dall' Inglese del Signor Dottor Johnson. 12mo. pp. 220. London, 1823.

THIS is an elegant translation, into Italian, of one of our great moralist's favourite works, and needs not the apology which is made for it in the 'Avviso al Lettore,' since the modesty as well as the merit of the performance disarms criticism. We recollect a gentleman, who acquired a knowledge of French by reading English news in the Paris journals; and, we much doubt, that the progress of the Italian student could be better facilitated than by reading this very clever translation of 'Johnson's Rasselas.'

A Sabbath among the Mountains. A Poem, in Five Parts. 8vo. pp. 45. Edinburgh and London, 1823.

THE 'Sabbath among the Mountains,' is a religious poem. The first part describes the public worship in the morning; and the second, the Sunday school in the evening. Though we cannot say much for the poetic merits of the poem, yet the author is entitled to the highest praise on the score of good intentions, and has strongly inculcated the duties of virtue and religion.

Foreign Literature.

DISASTROUS FRIDAY; OR, THE UNLUCKY CITIZEN.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

'TAKE heed,' said I, yesterday evening at the Regency Coffee House, to a little pale man, who was nodding his head over the flame of a wax candle, 'you

are burning your wig.'—'I am much obliged to you,' answered he, as he extinguished the fire with his hands, 'this accident does not in the least surprise me; it is predestined that I am not to escape any of the miseries attendant upon an unlucky Friday.' 'What, sir,' said I, 'are you sure that Friday is really an unlucky day?' At this moment, he made up a piteous grimace, an awkward waiter, at the instant, having given him, while turning, a blow in the mouth with his elbow; he jumped up, let fall his hat and his cane, picked them up, and beckoned me to follow him. As soon as we had reached an obscure corner of the parlour,—'Sir, said he, sighing deeply, 'I am neither superstitious, poor, nor wicked; indeed, I am gifted with more than ordinary experience, having always lived in the school of misfortune; yet there does not pass a Friday, not a single Friday, in which I do not experience a thousand outrages, and lose a great deal of money, without ever accomplishing any intended project; for instance, to-day, I have not had one moment's repose!'—As I perceived that this believer in weekly fatality, was seeking to console himself by a relation of his misfortunes, I easily persuaded him to give me an outline of this Friday's mishaps. He blew his nose, gave me some snuff, part of which flew into his eyes, then rubbed them with his hands, and began in these terms:—'In the first place, you must know that serious occupations and imperious duties confine me to the house all the days in the week, except Friday, when I am quite at liberty. This morning, disturbed by horrid dreams, I awoke at sunrise, and as I wished to take a long walk, immediately commenced the operations of the toilette: I'll say nothing of the troubles I experienced in shaving; the weather seemed unsettled, but, intending to breakfast with a particular friend, I made myself rather smart, and then looked for my umbrella, which was no where to be found; I was, therefore, obliged to be content with my cane, and thus equipped, set out for the little village of Passy, where my friend resided.—I had scarcely walked a quarter of an hour, when I heard loud cries of 'Out of the way, out of the way;' I quickly drew back, near a fruiterer's shop, where I was constrained to squeeze against a basket of eggs to avoid the wheels of an elegant tilbury, which nearly grazed my legs; I, however, escaped with a few egg stains, which the fruit woman endeavoured to wipe off with one hand while she received indemnity

for her loss with the other. Extricated from this first disaster, I walked briskly on; a beggar approached with a supplicating air, I threw him a piece of money, and was quietly pursuing my way, when I felt myself collared by this same fellow, who tore my coat, loaded me with abuse, and collected around me a crowd of idlers, whom he endeavoured to persuade that I had been trying to pass off counterfeit money; they became outrageous, and some of them threatening to take me before the authorities, I had no other resource than to submit my purse to them as a test of my innocence. Once freed from this tormenting affair, I sent for a hackney coach, into which I threw myself, happy to escape from public gaze. I made but little progress in my journey, for the coachman was drunk, and the horses half starved; feeling myself quite faint, for want of my breakfast, I looked at my watch, and found it was noon-day, upon which I lost all patience, and putting my head out of the coach window, I called lustily to the man to set me down, but neither by screaming, nor clapping of hands could I make him attend to me, till I was quite exhausted. You will acknowledge that hitherto my lot had not been very enviable, but reserve your pity for my after troubles. On alighting from the coach, I contrived to crawl to my friend's house, where I at length arrived, wet to the skin, and found the house shut up, and my friend in Paris.—A miserable public-house was now my only resource, and though the food they set before me was scarcely fit to eat, yet, after resting a-while, I felt sufficiently refreshed to resolve upon returning to Paris. I just then perceived near me two men, who had made themselves useful to me in my morning misadventure, and stepped forward to renew my thanks. They immediately proposed accompanying me to Paris, to which I agreed, hoping we might have a pleasant journey; but you shall hear how it turned out.—As soon as we reached the steep narrow street that leads to the barrier, the elder of my fellow travellers seized me by the arm with such violence as to make me grind my teeth, and then exclaimed with great enthusiasm: "Yes, sir, from the top of this ravine, I would wager to exterminate an army, or at least, to oppose its progress, if I had but the disposal of ten pieces of cannon, well mounted, and two hundred resolute men."—I have no doubt of it," said I, in a mournful tone, and he immediately entered upon a dissertation, to which I

endeavoured to put an end, by complaining of cold, and expressing a wish to quicken our pace he; thereupon walked so quickly as to put me out of breath. The young man who was with us contented himself with admiring the banks of the Seine, and muttering some words, which he accompanied with various gestures. "What is your opinion?" said I, endeavouring to rouse him from his reverie; "this gentleman pretends that a man of ordinary strength, who has surprised an enemy's camp by favour of the darkness of the night, may easily kill from thirty to forty men." I can give no positive opinion on the subject," answered he; "I make verses, and kill nobody," upon which he offered me the perusal of a comedy in five acts, and of ten or twelve moral epistles.—I declined this light amusement, but found it impossible to escape from the plan of an historical romance, which he detailed to me in a low voice, whilst his companion, on the other side, pestered me with a recital of the battle of Wagram, the massacre of the hospitals, and the burning of the convents in Spain. With my mind thus put to the rack, to attend to this double conversation, I arrived at the *Place Louis XV.* where we all halted. The tactician complained of my having insulted him, by replying to all his military narrations, "Very charming, extremely delicate, nothing can be more sprightly;" and he demanded my address, promising that I should hear from him to-morrow.—The young author, in his turn, overwhelmed me with abuse and threatened speedily to publish a pamphlet, in which I should not be spared. On getting rid of these two madmen, I proceeded to the Tuileries, the sentinel on duty called out to me, to tie up my dog, as I made no answer, he gave me a push with his bayonet, and I had the greatest trouble in the world to make him understand that the dog which was following me was not mine.—At length I reached Very's, comforting myself with the hope of soon getting a good meal, but I know not how the attendants contrived it, for, at six o'clock, I was still at my place, bawling out, "Waiter, bring me some soup." I got a light dinner, for which I paid a heavy price, as in my anxiety to make room for a fat gentleman, who wanted to pass me, I threw down some china jars, which were immediately added to my bill. My next care was to procure a ticket for the *Théâtre Français*, but on reaching the house I found it so crowded that I could only get a seat in one of the

slips, where I endeavoured to be content, but it was impossible; in front of me sat a spectator, with a head so bepowdered as to smother me with dust at every move, and behind me was a man who sneezed and coughed so incessantly, that I was compelled to flee hither, where you found me the victim of ill-luck, even in my sleep.

Here finished his recital, and I tried to offer this new Orestes some consolation.—We left the coffee house together, I wished him good-evening, he stumbled and we parted.

HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE TRADE IN BEER.

It will have been seen, from the proceedings in Parliament last week, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has proposed a new plan for regulating the trade in beer, by fixing not only the price at which it shall be sold to the public, but the degree of strength it shall possess. This is reviving the legislation of centuries long past; for the prices of this important article of consumption were regulated by statute, as early as the reigns of Henry I. and Henry III., which enacted that they should rise or fall with the price of corn. The scale of prices may be seen in Strype's Stowe.

In 1648 (3 Edward IV.), according to an assize then made, it was ordained—That if the brewer bought the quarter of malt for *two shillings*, he was to sell a gallon of the best ale for a *halfpenny*, and was to make forty-eight gallons of a quarter of malt. If the quarter of malt was three shillings, the gallon was to be three farthings; if four shillings the quarter, one penny the gallon; "and so on of the shilling the farthing." To prevent frauds both as to quality and quantity, no brewer was to sell ale till the ale-taster had tasted it; and he was to have "*mesurys assized and asselid*." A breach of these ordinances subjected the brewer, for the first and second offences, to fines; and for the third, to the punishment, "first of the locking hole, and after to the pillory."

"The great breweries, or '*bere houses*,' as they are called in the map of London, in *Civitatis Orbem*, &c., stood on the Thames side, below St. Catharine's, though they afterwards extended from thence westwards, as far as to Milford Stairs, and were, as well as the beer they brewed, under the controul of the officers of the crown. Henry VII., in 1492, licensed one John Merchant, a Fleming, to export fifty tons of ale, called beer; and according to Maitland, in the same reign, Geoffrey Gate, probably one of these officers, "spoiled the brewhouses at St. Catherine's twice, either for sending too much abroad unlicensed, or for brewing it too weak for their home customers." The demand for this article from foreign parts, increased to a high degree in the reign of

Elizabeth, particularly about the year 1580, but the exportation of it was often prohibited by royal proclamation, as a cause, in times of scarcity, of enhancing the price of corn. "Yet even upon prohibition," Stowe tells us, "special licenses were granted by the lord treasurer. Thus he allowed one Lystel, in the month of November, to brew and transport 500 tons of beer, for the queen's use; and in the same month, another ship was laded with 350 barrels of beer to Embden; and in the same month again, a ship of Amsterdam laded 300 barrels more; and in the same month, four ships of Embden were laded with 800 barrels more, which shews in what request our English beer was then abroad."

In 1585 the quantity of beer, *strong* and *small*, brewed in London, in one year, by the twenty-six brewers in the city, suburbs, and Westminster ("whereof the one-half were strangers, the other English"), was thus calculated:—Most of them brewed, in general, six times a week, and twenty quarters at a time, which yielded, in small beer, at least 100 barrels, and 60 in strong. One with another, they brewed 420 barrels weekly a-piece, which amounted to 2496 barrels yearly; so that the whole number of brewers brewed at that rate, 648,960 barrels. The quantities sent abroad near the same time, were estimated in a similar manner—viz. "That there were twenty great brewhouses, or more, situate on the Thames side, from Milford Stairs, in Fleet Street, to below St. Catharine's, which brewed yearly the quantity of seven or eight brewings of sweet beer, or strong beer, that passed to Hoad, Embden, the Low Countries, Calais, Dieppe, and thereabouts: and account but 600 brewings, at 44 barrels the brewing, it makes 26,000 barrels; which, at seven to a tun, make 3771 tuns." The contrast in modern times is amazing. In one year, from Midsummer, 1786, to Midsummer, 1787, the number of barrels of strong beer alone, brewed in London, was according to Mr. Pennant, 1,176,856: of these Whitbread's house (which then stood first,) brewed 150,280 barrels; Calvert's (Felix), 131,043 barrels; and Thrale's (now Barclay and Perkins), 105,559 barrels; and the duty on the malt for the preceding year, was one million and a half of money. The sight of a great London brewhouse, the same author observes, presents a magnificence unspeakable. The vessels evince the extent of the trade: Meux's brewery could show, he says, twenty tuns, containing in all, 35,000 barrels; one alone held 4500 barrels. The quantity of beer or porter, now brewed annually, has considerably more than doubled.

Vessels of beer and ale, were not gauged by statute before the 23d of Henry VIII. Defects were punishable upon presentment of juries, by the magistrates. The price of a quarter of wheat was then 6s. 8d.; the quarter of malt, 4s. or 5s.; and a quarter of oats cost 2s. 8d. The price of a cwt. of the best hops, was 6s. or 6s. 8d. Beer sold for—

The last for	{	Barrels, at 9s.	{	and the barrel of the best beer, or ale, sold then for 3s. 8d. or 4s. The 1½d. beer for 3s.
		Kilderkins, at 5s.		

In the beginning of the same reign (1512), the remaining stock of malt liquor in the cellar of one of the noblemen of the court, is valued as follows:—

"Of ale vij gallons, after ijd. the gallon, xiiijd.

"Of beire, xiiij hogisheds *dimid* conteyninge D. iiij score xvj gallons, after *obol* quadr the gallon, xliiij. vjd."

"[N. B. Malt was then 4s. a quarter, and hops 14s. 4d. the cwt. It was probably a scarce season for the latter article.]

Ale and beer at this time, and long afterwards, were the common beverage for breakfast, and were generally accompanied by dried or salted fish, and meat. A quart of beer is the quantity ordered to be brought to my Lord of Northumberland's table, every morning at breakfast in the reign of Henry VII., and a pottle, to each person of his household. The common people are also spoken of, somewhat later, as consuming great quantities of beer, double and single (i. e. strong and small.) "This they do, not," says a contemporary writer, "drink out of glasses, but from earthen pots, with silver handles and covers, and this even in houses of persons of middling fortune; for, as to the poor, the covers of their pots are only pewter; and in some places, such as villages, their pots for beer are only made of wood."

Our ancestors were not unacquainted with some of the modern methods of adulterating this article. In the reign of Elizabeth, the brewers were complained of for brewing towards the close of the year, with bad, or what was called *weavie*, malt, being the bottom and sweepings of their granaries, to make room to bring in new corn. It was also reported that they put in darnel, rosin, lime, and chalk, and such like, "to make," says Stowe, "the drinkers thirsty, that they might drink the more; and that for cheapness, when hops were dear, they put into their drink broom, bay berries, jvy-berries, and such like things."

NEW THEORY OF THE EARTH.

Remarks on passing Events, corroborating the new Theory of the Earth.

(From an American paper.)

EUROPEAN newspapers state, that the last winter was unusually cold in Iceland, and unusually mild in the more southern parts of Europe: and the Greenlanders say they have their coldest winters whenever the more southern countries have mild ones. Also, the English fishermen say, when they have a mild winter in England, they are sure to meet with an unusual quantity of ice in the Greenland sea.

These circumstances have proved to me—what is recently further confirmed,

by the unusual quantity of ice found this year in the northern seas,—that Iceland and Greenland are within the concave, and border on the verge; and that the severity of the winters depends on our sphere balancing nearer or further on any given side, from its next-neighbour sphere: those two countries do not, I conclude, admit of gardening or the culture of grain; because the sun's rays reach them much more faintly, owing to their being bent by refraction. For the application of many other facts, such as the darker sea and sky, and a less dazzling sun, &c. which go to shew that those two countries exist beyond the real verge, and between it and the apparent verge, I refer the reader to my map and explanation, published as a newspaper supplement in Cincinnati, in September last.

The first number of the 'Museum of Foreign Literature and Science,' contains an account of a general and extraordinary fall of the barometer, in various parts of Europe, on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of December, 1821, simultaneous with which fall, a volcano in Iceland was in a state of irruption. By this account it appears that the acme of lowness of the barometer occurred first at a great distance from the volcano, and thence progressively nearer in lines; almost at right angles with the verge, the magnetic equator and the climates, until it reached Iceland on the last of the three days.

At Lyons, where the barometer was the lowest, the mercury fell to twenty-five and three-fourths inches: hence the pressure of the atmosphere at Lyons was reduced about one-seventh.

The extraordinary lowness of the barometer, above stated, was most probably owing to the general surface of the earth in Europe, including the sea, being somewhat elevated by an expanded elastic ærial fluid existing in the mid-plane space, a portion of which elastic fluid, escaping progressively by means of the irruption of the volcano, permitted the surface of the earth to subside, by which subsidence the incumbent pressure on the barometer was temporarily lessened.

Why a subsidence of the crust should lessen the incumbent pressure, may be questioned; but if it be admitted, that there is another sphere of some sort (whether it be constituted of solids or of compact fluids, is not material) over our heads, as there are many reasons to believe there is, the above will no longer be a questionable conclusion, but a very natural one.

Perhaps the sphere, with its equators,

may be exemplified, by turning in a lathe a hollow sphere with open poles, and delineating thereon a true equatorial belt, equidistant from the verges, to represent the magnetic equator, and also marking the climates equidistant from each other, between it and the verges, and parallel thereto; then, to represent the terrestrial equator, change the axis of revolution (twelve or fifteen degrees) and circumscribe another equatorial belt, at an angle of twelve or fifteen degrees with the former, adding the tropics parallel to it, and a declination in the planes of the verges will be the consequence of the change of axis, and the whole will represent such a formation as I describe in my map.

Between the outer and inner crust of such model, the mid-plane-space I describe may be imagined to exist, with an extension greatest under the magnetic-equator, and gradually lessening towards the verges.

Probably the axis of the earth was originally in the centre of the openings, and was changed by some extraordinary catastrophe, or conjunction of celestial bodies. If so, the original climates must have been alike on like parallels of latitude, and the terrestrial and magnetic equators must have then coincided. If the axis of the earth was originally at right angles with the plane of the ecliptic, it is probable that the same cause that depressed it, with relation to the heavens, changed it in relation to the polar verges.

JOHN CLEVES SYMMES.

Newport, Kentucky, Jan. 9th, 1823.

Original Poetry.

On hearing a Lady sing the charming French air, 'Portrait Charmant,' and attempting in vain to adapt English words to it.

IN vain, in vain—I cannot give
Its nameless charm, its magic spell;
Portrait charmant alone must live,
Portrait charmant alone can swell
Upon my fixed and charmed ear,
Within my lone and joyless heart;
The tones were sweet, the words were dear,
Then who such tones and words would part?
And who would on the *portrait* gaze,
And o'er its mimic features sigh,
Or bask in beauty's borrowed rays,
When beauty's self can charm the eye?
I heard the strain, I felt its power,
I loved the voice—and oft and long
Will memory mark that fleeting hour,
And think of her who breathed the song.

D.

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.

How beautiful is this vast world,
Which Power and Wisdom made;
When Chaos from his throne was hurl'd,
And shrunk from God, dismay'd.

Like the noise of falling mountains
He rush'd, then, swift away,
As bright streams from sun-lit fountains,
Showers of light illum'd the day.

God's spirit walk'd upon the deep,
The stars in exultation
From their golden roof did peep,
To gaze on the creation.

The many colour'd rainbow shone
A glorious sign in heaven;
The angels charm'd the air with song,
Like summer winds at even.

God spoke, and light beam'd every where,
Day like a bridegroom smil'd;
The sea was calm, the sky was fair
As lovely woman's child. H. LEVIEN.

SONNET,

By the Author of 'Tears for Pity.'

SHE was a lovely one, as ever bore
A minstrel's hopes upon her destiny!
And, tender as her own heav'n-colour'd eye!
Impassionate as the inspired lore
Of love-wild, love-witch'd, wand'ring troubadour!
Nor seem'd her beauties those of earth—
which die,
Spurning the clay they denizen for sky,
Like barks which native fly for foreign shore!
She was a lovely one!—mine own true love!—
So beautiful, that, even of poet's words
Description maketh lazars!—to her form
Imagination doth unwearied rove,
Even for images!—while love's queen girds
Her cestus round, changing to impotence
Time's storm.

THE VIRGIN BRIDE.

*'Oh! what can rive the heart, or rend the mind
Like love despis'd?'*

THE lordly banners wav'd in stately rank,
And harps of minstrels usher'd in the throng
Of noble ladies and their own true knights,
Who came to grace the Duke Alphonso's feast;
For that day's morn had given him his bride.—
The fretted roof re-echoed with the strains
Of martial music; and the spacious board
Groan'd with the load of viands that it bore.
'Twas summer, and the casements wide were
thrown,

To admit the calm and cooling evening's
breath.

The lovely bride, in all her charms array'd,
Sat 'neath the rich and ducal canopy;
But yet an air of melancholy seem'd
To linger on her face—no joy was there;
Or if she smil'd, 'twas courtesy that beam'd,
And not the blissful passion of the soul.
A tale was whisper'd 'mid the lowest guests,
That Duke Alphonso's brother was her love,
Who lately breath'd his last in Palestine;
And that this bridegroom had us'd force and
fraud

To gain the hand of the high courtly fair.
But others said, 'twas but her maiden fear.
That blanch'd her blooming cheek so ashily.
The knightly group arose, each cup was fill'd,
And happy fortune to the pair was drank,
Save but by one who trembled as he sipp'd
The sparkling liquor from the golden cup.
The minstrels struck their thrilling chords anew,
And cheerfulness omnipotently reign'd;
But that lone knight did shake with agony
As he forsook the trophied hall of mirth.
Thus wau'd the night;—when, lo! a lute was
heard,

Whose sounds were wafted from the open air,
A strain of sad and mournful notes was
breath'd,—

And thus a full-ton'd voice impassion'd sung :

'I cannot bear this rending sight,—
I cannot bear these sounds so gay,—
For e'en the banquet's festive light
Gleams on my soul with dire dismay.

'Mid all my pangs yet I was bless'd,
'Mid all my woe, yet Hope was nigh;
And tho' his poignard pierc'd my breast,
I deem'd thy love could never die.

But thou, false hearted lord! beware!
The thunders of revenge but sleep,
For, by the blessed cross! I swear
Thy guilty soul in blood shall weep!"—

The fair Matilda shriek'd, and fainting, fell,
Whilst many a shining falchion left its sheath,
To immolate the undiscover'd one;
But the unknown eluded every wile,
And set at nought the fury of their wrath.
The Duke Alphonso seemingly was dumb,
For guilt and anguish struggled in his breast;
He knew that voice too well,—it sounded loud,
The mandate of destruction, and he quail'd
Before its deep and terror-striking tones;
The guests dispers'd.

A raven hoarsely croak'd,
And flapp'd with horrid din his sable wings,
As perch'd upon the topmost tow'r he seem'd
To bay and wrestle with the gusts of wind
That forceful swept the black pil'd clouds away.
Alphonso pac'd the silent hall, and heard
In the cessation of the blast his yell;
It smote the heart where vice had ever sway'd;
His phrenzied eyes produc'd a thousand shapes,
Which flitted round his form in dire array,
By conscience arm'd with fiend-like attributes.
The lightning, too, began to scathe the world,
And its red fires gleam'd on the stained panes
Where the grim features of his ancestors
Appear'd to scowl. The figure of a man
Drew nigh, and that deep dreaded voice again
Harrowingly sounded. Guilt strung his arm,
And fore the knight could be aware, he sheath'd
Deep in his brother's side his keen-edg'd brand.
Fernando stagger'd, but he convulsive rush'd
On the unwary duke, and his life blood
Stream'd on the tessellated stone. Their souls
Together fled the frail and mortal clay,—
And that fair virgin bride became a nun.

Edmonton.

J. J. LEATHWICK.

Fine Arts.

CHAPEAU DE PAILLE.

THIS portrait of a Flemish lady, which is now exhibiting in New Bond Street, is what is technically termed a half-length, and is one of Ruben's happiest efforts. It is not the representation of imaginary beauty, but of a real being, possessing some of those blemishes which may be observed in the most perfect of our species; but on this account the portrait has more the air of truth. The artist seems to have struck off the head at a heat; and to have been himself so delighted with his task, as to have afterwards laboured at the other parts till he had almost made them equal to this successful effort. The picture was originally to have been only a head, as is

evident from the *pannel*, on which it is painted, not having been large enough for any thing more. Subsequently, the artist added a piece at the side and at the bottom, and extended his work to a half length. This circumstance was probably the cause of a discrepancy which every body remarks in the picture: the head is in a strong light, while the lower part of the portrait is rather in shade. Perhaps, too, the bosom is too much like that of an old woman, but this delicate part of a lady's shape is so much under the controul of the corset-maker, that its form generally depends on the stays which are at the moment in fashion. The appearance, which we dislike, may be a very exact copy, and was probably occasioned by the use of those tight bodices formerly in use, and one of which the lady wears. With these little imperfections, this portrait is perhaps one of the most living and speaking representations of the human face ever seen. We recommend our readers, however, to visit it when the weather is clear, as it is seen to prodigious advantage in a clear day. The hat which the lady wears, is what is called a Spanish hat, and not made of straw, as the name of the picture might lead us to suppose. How it acquired this name it is difficult to say, and various conjectures have been made, all apparently equally unfounded, but it is one of those misnomers or corruptions, for which our neighbours, the French, are so famous.

Literature and Science.

ON Tuesday night, the Surry Institution was finally closed, to the regret, not merely of the subscribers, but of almost every gentleman in London connected with literature, for to such its doors were ever open; and not merely open,—for the amiable and intelligent librarians, the Rev. Mr. Home, the author of the 'Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures,' and Mr. Millard, the author of the 'Pocket Encyclopædia,' and that charming annual 'Time's Telescope,' were ever ready to assist the researches of any gentleman engaged in literary pursuits. To these gentlemen, and to Mr. Knight Spencer, the principal librarian, the public have been indebted for keeping the Surry Institution open, when party feeling so often threatened its annihilation. By a system of the most rigid economy, they 'spun their term of freedom out;' and it really does not say much of the literary taste of the metropolis, when such

an Institution, so conducted, has been suffered to fall into decay. The party here has, however, not been 'the madness of many for the gain of a few;'—on the contrary, the religious dissensions which attended the Surry Institution, from its commencement, have proved its ruin, and a consequent injury to the whole metropolis.

Points of Humour, illustrated in a series of plates drawn and engraved by George Cruikshank, and a reprint of Southwell's *Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears for the Death of our Saviour*, in royal 16mo. with portrait, are in the press.

Capt. Sabine, who accompanied Capt. Parry, as astronomer, in his voyage to Melville Island, proceeds directly to Spitzbergen, for the purpose of making observations for determining the true figure of the earth, similar to those he has already made on the coast of Africa, the West Indies, and America. The Griper gun-brig is fitting out at Deptford for the conveyance of Capt. Sabine.

There is an instance, hitherto unnoticed in the annals of English industry, where, by the manufacture, an article is raised in price from *one half-penny* to the amount of *thirty-five thousand guineas*. This takes place in the art of a watch-spring-maker. A pound of crude iron costs a half-penny, it is converted into steel, that steel is made into watch-springs; every one of which is sold for half a guinea, and weighs only one tenth of a grain; after deducting for waste, there are in a pound weight 7000 grains, it therefore affords steel for 70,000 watch-springs, the value of which, at half a guinea each, is *thirty-five thousand guineas*.

Antiquities.—In sinking a cellar at Chester, a few days ago, the workmen struck on a regularly-laid tile floor, about three feet from the surface, embedded on a soil, in which several large bones were found under the tiling. The tiles are about four inches square, formed of a reddish clay, nearly the colour of that of which flower pots are usually made;—the surface of many of them ornamented with a variety of tasteful devices. An earthenware urn, of a round form, about nine inches high, and seven inches in diameter, was also found, containing 25 ancient brass and copper coins, the largest equal in weight to one of our penny pieces, and the smallest, somewhat heavier than our present farthing. Some of the Chester antiquaries pronounce one of these coins to be of the Roman Emperor, Vespasian. A

silver coin, of the reign of Henry III., was also found among the rubbish.

A Charleston paper of the 17th ult. gives a pleasing account of one of the novelties produced by the cold. On the day preceding, a small schooner arrived from a wrecking voyage along the Florida Cape, with the guns of the Alligator. Off the bar the rain that fell froze on every particle of the rigging; and on the following morning (one of the coldest, clearest, most splendid and most bitter days ever experienced at Charleston,) the appearance of this little vessel was beautiful. Its deck like glass, and its rigging as if wrapped round by some ingenious artist, with foldings of the purest cotton. The smallest third on board was encrusted in crystal, and every knot folded in a beautiful envelope of ice exhibited the rich tinctures of the sun. The vessel appeared as if she had just made a voyage to the North Pole. The very animals on board seemed to come from some foreign clime.

The Bee.

Privilege of Franking.—Among the advantages attending the privilege of franking, allowed to the members of the British Senate, we do not recollect to have seen that of *franking the tidings of one's own death*. Yet that even this may rank among the number, was proved the other day, by the following singular circumstance. The late Admiral Lord K—, had franked an envelope for a letter intended to be written to one of his relatives; he died before the day for which it was dated, and the frank was actually used to cover a letter to the same relative, to announce the death of the noble writer.

Impromptu, on hearing that the Parisian amusement of descending the Russian mountains, was to be exhibited at Sadler's Wells.

Of late, good Johnny Bull would prance,
To see both friends and foes in France,

Descend the Russian mountains;

So far he now no longer goes,

But where the old New River flows,

From its pellucid fountains;

That is at Sadler's Wells, I mean,

He sees it all in mimic scene,

With daughter or with wife;

And laughs with most unbounded glee,

At what may very serious be;—

The ups and downs of life! YECAL.

A Norman was telling a friend a great absurdity as a matter of fact. 'You are jesting,' said the hearer. 'Not I, on the faith of a Christian.'—'Will you wager?'—'No; I won't wager; but I am ready to swear to it.'

A French peer, a man of wit, in making his will, remembered all his domestics, except his steward. 'I shall leave him nothing,' said he, 'because he has served me these twenty years.'

Useless Reading.—Dr. Bentley, seeing his son reading a novel, said to him, 'why read a book which you cannot quote.'

When a gentleman, now no more, made his first speech in the Irish House of Commons, Sir William Osborne asked who he was; and being told, he replied, 'well, I think he will do. If the opposition have enlisted him, they are perfectly in the right, for he seems to have the *finest face for a grievance* of any man I ever beheld.'

In the year 1768, Lieutenant Campbell, of the Middlesex Militia, condemned for forgery, on the eve of his exit, sent invitation cards to many of his brother officers—'Lieutenant Campbell's compliments to —, he requests the pleasure of his company to-morrow-morning, to take a cup of chocolate, and to do him the honour to accompany him to Tyburn to be present at his execution.'

Advertisements.

CHAPEAU DE PAILLE, by P. P. RUBENS.—This universally admired Picture, known as the Chapeau de Paille, and acknowledged to be the chef-d'œuvre of Rubens in Portraiture, is now exhibiting at Mr. Stanley's Rooms, No. 21, Old Bond Street.—Admittance, One Shilling.—Memorandum of the Picture, Sixpence.—Open from 9 till 5.

It is expected that no person will attempt to sketch or copy from the Picture.

This day was published, in two vols. 8vo. price 21s. bds.

JOURNAL of a TOUR in FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, and ITALY, during the years 1819, 20, and 21.

By MARIANNE COLSTON.

Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-Lane.

Also, by the same Author,

FIFTY LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTS, illustrative of the above Tour; from Original Drawings, taken in Italy, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. Large folio, price 21s. boards.

To Clubs and Literary Institutions.

THE PAMPHLETEER is particularly recommended as a general Record of the ablest Pamphlets of the day, on all LITERARY, POLITICAL, and SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS, on both sides of the question. The PAMPHLETEER is published quarterly, price 6s. 6d. No. XLII. is just printed, containing the following interesting pamphlets:—

I. Henry VIII.'s Love Letters to Anna Boleyn. [Original.]

II. Alphabetical List of the House of Commons; distinguishing those who hold places, or are in the Navy or Army, and their Votes on fourteen great Questions during 1821 and 1822; with the Minorities on thirty-six Questions.

III. Proposed Resolutions on the National Debt and the Operation of the Sinking Fund; with Notes.

IV. Observations on the Real State of the Nation. By the Ghost of the Marquess of Londonderry.

V. Rev. J. W. Cunningham's Cautions to Continental Travellers.

VI. Short Discussion on the Spanish Question. [Original.]

VII. Postscript to Observations on Agricultural and National Distress.

VIII. Dr. Maclean on the British Quarantine Laws, &c. [Original.]

IX. J. Lowe on Recognizing the Independence of South America.

X. Plan for the Suppression of Mendicity, &c.

'Had a work like the "Pamphleteer" been commenced two centuries ago, and been conducted with the same spirit that marks our contemporary, we should not have had to lament the loss of so many tracts essential to the illustration of our history, or to ransack for them among the archives of our national library. It affords, at a cheap price, a collection of the best pamphlets on literature, politics, &c. that appear; and it is often distinguished by several original pamphlets of great interest and importance.'—Star Paper, March, 1823.

Sold in Numbers or Sets, by Sherwood & Co., Longman & Co., and all other Booksellers, by a general order.

New Tragedy.

This day was published, in 8vo. price 4s. stitched, as performing at Covent Garden Theatre, second edition of

JULIAN, a TRAGEDY, in Five Acts.

By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Printed for G. & W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-Lane.

(1.)

THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE, No. 52, will be published on the 1st of April, price 1s., embellished with a highly-finished and striking Portrait of the late Dr. Hutton, from a private medal struck for the Doctor a short time before his death.

(2.)

Also, on the same day, the Twelfth Number of **THE INVESTIGATOR, or QUARTERLY MAGAZINE**, 6s. This Work comes to the literary and religious World associated with the names of the Rev. W. B. Collyer, D. D.; the Rev. Thos. Raffles, L. L. D.; and James Baldwin Brown, Esq. L. L. D., under whose immediate superintendence it is conducted.

(3.)

Just published, **AN IMPARTIAL ACCOUNT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**, by Mr. ISAAC HOLMES, of Liverpool. One large octavo volume, illustrated by a Map and numerous Tables, 12s. boards.

[This work comprehends an invaluable fund of information relative to the Religion, Literature, Government, Population, Manners, Agriculture, Trade, Commerce, Arts, Manufactures, &c. of that interesting country; chiefly drawn from actual observation during the author's recent residence there four years; and presenting a faithful, lively, and practical representation of the American Republic in her present state.]

Published by Henry Fisher, 38, Newgate Street, and sold by all Booksellers.

On the 1st of April, 1823, will be published, Part I. of

PICTURESQUE VIEWS ON THE SEVERN; (To be continued on the First of every succeeding Month until completed, in eight Parts, royal quarto, or royal octavo) from original Designs of the late Mr. Samuel Ireland, Author of 'Picturesque Views on the Thames, Avon, Medway, and Wye, with Illustrations, Historical and Topographical.'

BY MR. HARRAL.

This work, the intended publication of which was announced some years ago, and suspended only in consequence of the lamented death of the artist, has been long sought for, as a companion to the late Mr. Ireland's 'Thames, Medway, Avon, and Wye,' and as completing the series of that gentleman's 'Picturesque Delineations of River Scenery.'

Mr. Ireland's Designs, in number Fifty-two, embrace the Scenery of the Severn, from the source of that river, on Plynlimmon Hill, and in its progress through the counties of Montgomery, Salop, Worcester, and Gloucester, till it falls into the Atlantic Sea, at King Road, Bristol.

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